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THE
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OCTOBER, 1897.

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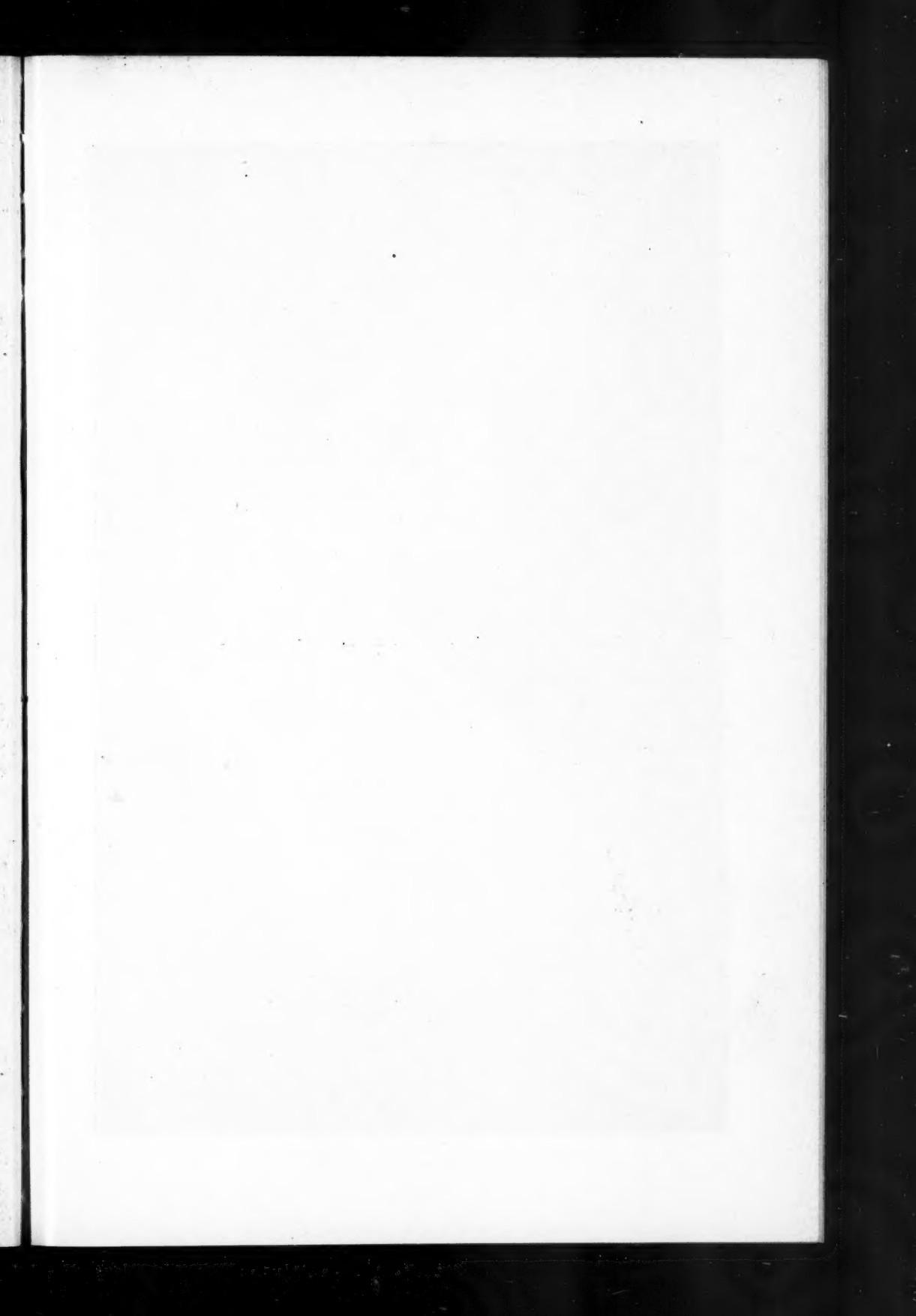
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THE END OF SUMMER.

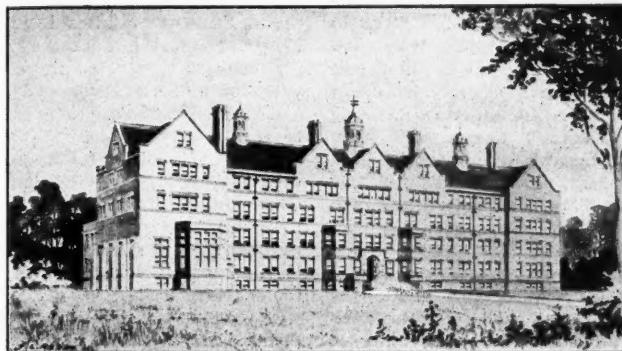
Drawn by Louis F. Grant.

THE
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VOL. VII.

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No. 1.



Rockefeller Hall. The new Recitation Building.

COLLEGE LIFE AT VASSAR

[Notes from a Student's point of view.]

BY NANCY VINCENT McCLELLAND, Vassar, '97.



T is difficult to know which side of college life to picture when one is writing for an outside world. If one takes it for granted that all the world knows a college as a place for study, and, on this supposition, tells of nothing but the good times, one is apt to generate a sort of intellectual contempt among a large class. If, however, one omits entirely the story of the good times, one falls into Charybdis and makes college days a mere routine, unlightened by the charm of social intercourse. Only the college graduate can appreciate the exact proportion of the social and the intellectual ingredients which are compounded into four years of college life.

At Vassar, the two phases are almost inseparably connected, and for various reasons. The college is outside of Poughkeepsie and forms a little town in itself. The students are not scattered around in

small houses, but live in the dormitories on the campus. The comparative isolation of the college, and the proximity of the students to one another make it necessary, convenient and agreeable for them to intermingle closely their social life and intellectual pursuits.

One of the pleasantest things about Vassar is the fact that the college dormitories are so near each other. The founder's first idea, it is said, was to have all Vassar students live under one roof as if they belonged to a large family. The "family" has grown too large now to be covered by a single roof, but the same spirit is still there, and it is not only felt but it is preserved in numerous outward forms. One that occurs to me at the present is the custom for late-comers in the dining-room to make apologetic bows to the head of the faculty table before they go to their own seats.

As you pass under the lodge that guards the approach to this Vassar "family," the first thing to be seen is "the Main." It is

a long, plain building with a transverse wing at each end and the library and portecochère in the centre. This last addition really destroys the effect of strength and size that the main building formerly produced. Although the library is delightful inside, from without it looks, as a visitor expressed it, "like a drawer that some one had pulled out and forgotten to shut again." Time has given to the large building a covering which the other newer halls lack. A luxuriant growth of ivy covers it entirely, heralding spring with its leaf-buds, growing large and full and dark in the summer, crimping with the coming of the fall, and showing its great brown stalks firmly fastened to the bare walls all through the winter time.

The main building is the centre of the college. All around it are grouped the other buildings at various distances,—the new Recitation Hall which Mr. Rockefeller has just donated, the two dormitories, the gymnasium, the observatory, the museum, the laboratory and the President's house. They are all attractive, but the oldest building takes precedence of them all because it is the home of the college traditions.

For instance, Matthew Vassar himself broke the ground for it, and the spade which he used is still carefully preserved and handed down from class to class. Then there is the sign on the face of the building, "Vassar —— College," whose blank space, every one knows, used to contain the word "Female" until that strong east wind came from Norwich and tore it off. Within, there is the Founder's

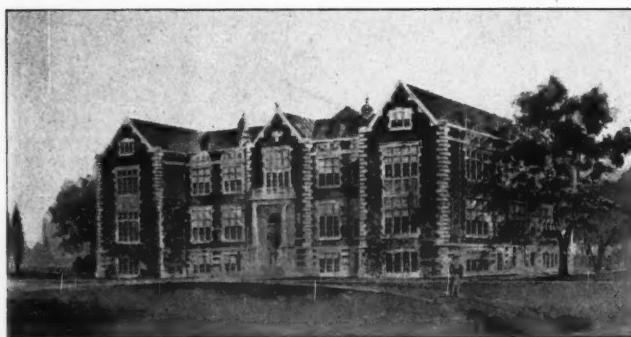
room which is now used as a guest room and is furnished with beautiful old furniture that belonged to Matthew Vassar.

Just around the corner from the Founder's room, at the head of the stairs, is the college chapel. This is the scene both of all the devotional services and of most of the public college functions like lectures and concerts. Here, too, the meetings of the Students' Association have long been held and here the diplomas have been presented to the graduating classes. It will soon be necessary to have a new chapel if Vassar continues to grow. There is now not much more than a comfortable seating capacity for the members of the college. But when the time comes for a chapel that is separate from the "Main," the pleasure of occupying a new building that satisfies the needs of the place will be attended with regret over deserting the old, memory-filled room.

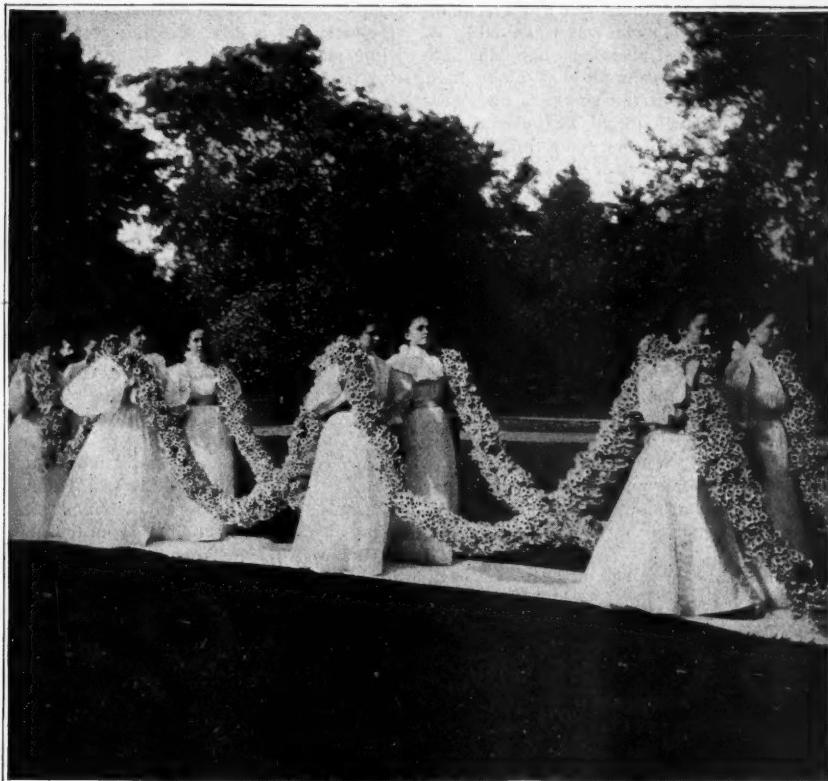
On the same floor with the chapel is the Senior Corridor which for years has belonged exclusively to the graduating class. Only Seniors live on it, only Seniors furnish and care for the parlor at the south end of it, only Seniors entertain their guests here and invite the undergraduates to share in the musicales and receptions that are given in the sacred spot. The number of the class year, in gas jets, blazes in front of the Senior Parlor and is visible from the extreme north end of the corridor.

The Senior Corridor and Parlor are the strong attractions which induce the whole senior class to select rooms in the main building, for their last year, no matter how scattered they may have been before.

Vassar is one of the most democratic of colleges and there is very little class spirit to be found there. Still, the Seniors enjoy some special privileges for which the other classes have to wait. In the main dining-room, their tables occupy the entire centre of the room stretching in



Raymond House. A Dormitory.



The Daisy Chain, a unique feature of Vassar's Class Day.

parallel lines down its whole length. This again brings the class together and enables them to pass all the notices pertaining to class business and class meetings from table to table. In lieu of such a convenience, the underclassmen have to make use of the bulletin board. It is the custom for each Senior table to celebrate the birthday of every member some time during the year, while the other students look longingly on the lighted, flower-laden tables and the birthday cream and cake, the Seniors have been known to sing:—

"Only Seniors have this privilege,
Others watch with envious eye.
Don't you care, you'll be here sometime,
In the glorious bye and bye!"

In chapel, the Seniors have the middle seats, directly in front of the president's

desk; in the offices, a Senior can take her turn ahead of a whole line of underclassmen, if she chooses. But this latter custom, as well as some others of minor importance, is going out of use. The Freshmen are forgetting that they should let a Senior enter the elevator first; they do not always wait for an invitation to make themselves at home on the Senior Corridor.

Perhaps this is because the Freshmen are so important in the college. They are generally the largest class and receive more attention than any one beside Seniors. Some Seniors always return early in the fall to greet the Freshmen; they show the new-comers to their rooms, introduce them to members of the college and do everything to make them comfortable. On the first night that Vassar

opened last year, there was a heavy thunder storm. Every one was wakened by it. An upper-class member happened to think that a Freshman was alone in a large room down the corridor, and, suspecting that she might be nervous, the older girl went to her room and stayed there until the shower was over. The Freshman's mother, coming out from the town next morning, was overwhelming in her gratitude. She said she had heard that Freshmen were always treated well at Vassar, but she never supposed that any college girl would show such a piece of personal thoughtfulness to an entire stranger.

A new-comer very quickly falls into the regular life of the college. She is roused in the morning by the seven o'clock bell, and learns to be ready for breakfast in half an hour. When she leaves the dining-room, she has until half past eight before the recitation-day begins. In that time, she generally straightens her room, and is ready either to recite or study when the first hour bell strikes. A Fresh-

man seldom has more than three hours of recitation in a day, and the rest of the time she spends either in studying, or "frivoling," or walking, rowing and perhaps practising to get on her class basketball team. Or she may be due in the gymnasium, or at a rehearsal of the Glee or Guitar Clubs—every minute of the day is filled with some kind of work or play. After dinner at night, the girl is very apt to frequent "Room J." There the room is always full of dancers until the chapel bell rings and the whole college gathers for the short evening service. After chapel, again, one is independent until the retiring bell sounds at half after nine. By ten o'clock on ordinary nights, the lights are out and the college buildings are all in darkness. So the days slip by; it is almost impossible to tell where they go. Saturdays are holidays, and Sundays are times of quiet and peacefulness. Church is conducted by different divines who come from all over the country and preach at the morning service; in the evening there is a Bible lecture, and a



The Senior Parlor in 1897.

prayer meeting led by the President of the college. Such a day gives food to the spiritual minds of the students and rest to their intellectual minds, and makes them ready to begin the week's work with a new strength. No life could be simpler and more fit for those who are continually making some mental effort.

"Self-government" has been in practice at Vassar since 1868. By this system, the Faculty allows the Students' Association control over itself on the condition that three rules shall be observed—the rule of chapel attendance, the ten o'clock rule, and the rule of an hour's exercise daily. College men always exclaim over the last rule. But it is acknowledged to be one of the differences between a college man and woman that the latter is generally unwilling to stop work before she has finished what she is doing, while the former, finding that he is growing tired, will drop his books for an hour or so, go off for some sort of healthy exercise and return with his mind in good condition to finish his task.

The building of the Gymnasium was an inducement to keep this exercise rule more pleasantly. The college girls were glad to make use of its complete equipments, its baths, and swimming-tank, and they offered no objections to the introduc-

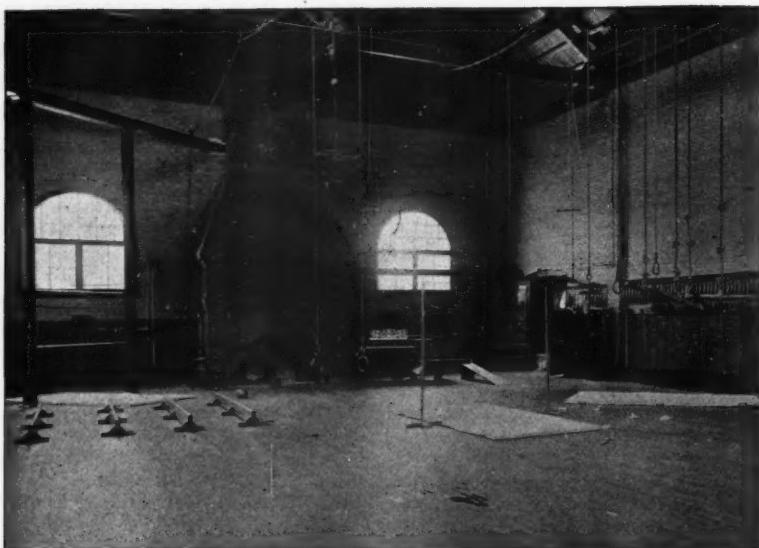
tion of compulsory gymnasium work. Since then, the growth of athletic tendencies has been a rapid one. Basketball has crept in and has led to championship games among the classes; tennis, although now in a feeble condition, flourished bravely a few years ago; golf is just coming into vogue. In the fall and the spring, the Athletic Association holds a day of out-door games. This it calls its "Field Day," and those who have been practising running, jumping, vaulting or hurdling in the gymnasium enter into a friendly contest in the open air. Every one who takes part in the field day games must have the permission of her parents and the resident physician of the college, and she must also have a certain good standing in her work.

Besides the impetus given to athletics by basket-ball and field days, bicycling and skating in their seasons offer great attractions for out door exercise. The lower corridors of the buildings are filled with bicycle racks. If one does not own a wheel and wishes to ride, it is easy for her to join a club of perhaps ten members who hire a wheel together and use it in turn. Over such "club bicycles" hang little schedules with hours portioned out to each share-owner.

The lake is the scene of most of the



A Scene from "She Stoops to Conquer." Presented on Vassar Stage, March, 1897.



The Vassar "Gym."

winter sports. Almost any time during the day it is dotted with groups of skaters or "hockey-players." Sometimes, at night, bonfires are built along the shores and the skating is done by their yellow light.

As yet there are at Vassar no apparent inclinations to neglect studies for athletics, but it is a pleasure to be able to say that the necessity for such a rule as the "hour's daily exercise" is done away with, and that a hearty and wide-spread interest is taken in the Vassar Athletic Association.

The Athletic Association is not the only large society. The Students' Association is, of course, the largest of all, for it includes every student in the college. Other societies with big memberships are the Christian Association, and the Philaletheian Society, which is responsible for the dramatics produced in the college during the year. The respective presidents of these societies are members of the Senior class. A senior, too, is the editor of the *Vassar Miscellany*, the college monthly. There are, besides, various literary, debating and musical organizations which afford much pleasure to their members.

Most of these clubs meet on Fridays or Saturdays. Unless one chooses wisely,

one's holidays are as full of distractions as one's work days are full of work. Among so many societies the demands are numerous in the way of committee work, active membership work, and social functions.

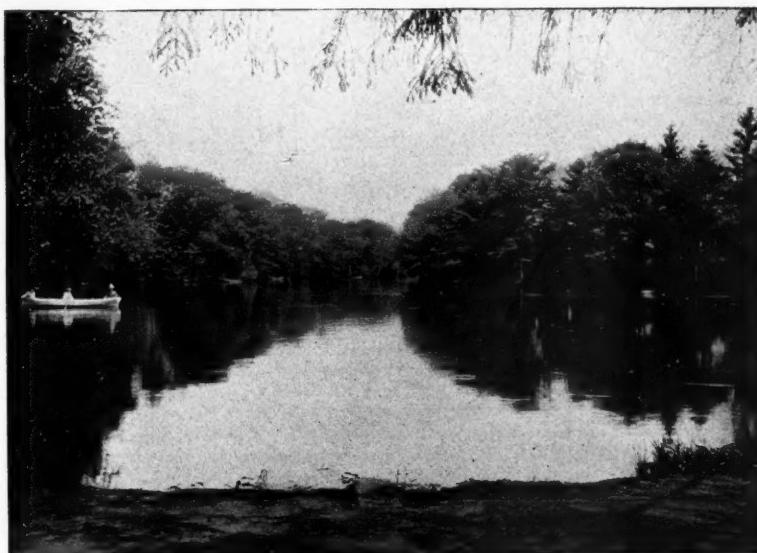
The first social function in the fall is the reception given to the Freshmen by the Christian Association. It is a tacit invitation to "come and be Christians." Not long after this comes the trip to Mohonk, which corresponds to "Mountain Day" at Smith. Formerly the entire college used to drive in barges to Mohonk, and spend the day there. Now only the Senior and Freshmen classes go, but in this way every one goes twice during her college course. Hallowe'en night is always celebrated by decorations in the dining-room, traditional class jokes, and some sort of parties in the gymnasium.

Last year the members of the college were fortunate enough to be able to celebrate a presidential election. They carried out the whole election process carefully and acquired a great deal of information in the meantime. A Republican Nominating Convention was held in the spring of '96, to which the different states (*i.e.*, corridors) sent their representatives

and elected candidates in due form. In the fall the regular registering went on as it did everywhere outside. The requirement for registration was the ability to sing a verse and chorus of the Alma Mater Song, and the different parties held rallies and parades until a political enthusiasm was roused in every student. On November second there was great rejoicing when the balloting resulted in a victory for the Republican party. As such an event as an election cannot occur often, it aroused unusual interest.

The four Hall Plays of the year are another feature of Vassar life. Over the

and Commencement are not far off, and one begins to feel that the college year is over. Class Day exercises are the prettiest things in the year. If the weather permits they are held out of doors, and after they are finished the procession moves to the Senior class-tree where the records are to be buried. For this the spade that first broke ground for Vassar College is always used, and it is delivered then into the hands of the next class below. The making of the "daisy-chain" is a custom that belongs only to a Vassar class day. The Sophomores make a long, thick rope out of the field flowers



"The Lake."

gymnasium, "in Phil Hall's a stage," and many are the players upon it. The members of the Philaletheian Society are all eligible for parts in the casts.

The anniversary of the founding of this society and Matthew Vassar's birthday are the two gala days in the year. These two days are holidays. There is always some eminent man invited to speak at the college, and a reception and dance occupy the evening after his address. Of late a Glee Club concert has been introduced on the following day.

When Founders' Day is past, Class Day

It takes them nearly a day to pick the daisies, and part of a day to make the chain. As a reward for their loving toil, the daisy chain is carried in front of the procession on Class Day, and it is laid around the tree during the tree-exercises. The prettiest of the "Sophs" are chosen to carry it.

As most college students do, the Vassar students have fallen into the habit of abbreviations. They study "Math" and "Chem" and "Psych," they go to "lab" and "gym" and they "ex" diliy. One can hardly call such usages *slang*, and if these

words are excepted, there is comparatively little slang used in the college. A few borrowed phrases, however, cling to the Vassar vocabulary. The students take "cuts," make "smooth" recitations, and "flunk," as their brothers do. Note—the latter is not quite true. One of the professors at Vassar used to give his classes as a watchword, "Flunk like a man!"

"Young ladies are much pleasanter to teach," he would asseverate, "and they are not intellectually inferior to men in any way, but one thing they cannot learn—they do not know how to flunk. If they don't know a thing, they will not be content to own that they don't know it, and it seems to unstring them utterly if they fail in a recitation. They ought not to feel so, they would be better off if they patterned after their brothers in this respect."

But it is not in many things that the professors would have their students pattern after men. Vassar students are expected to represent the ideals of Vassar College in every way; to be women who are strong morally, mentally and physically, and women who will fill their positions in the world all the better because of their four years of college life.

N. V. McC.

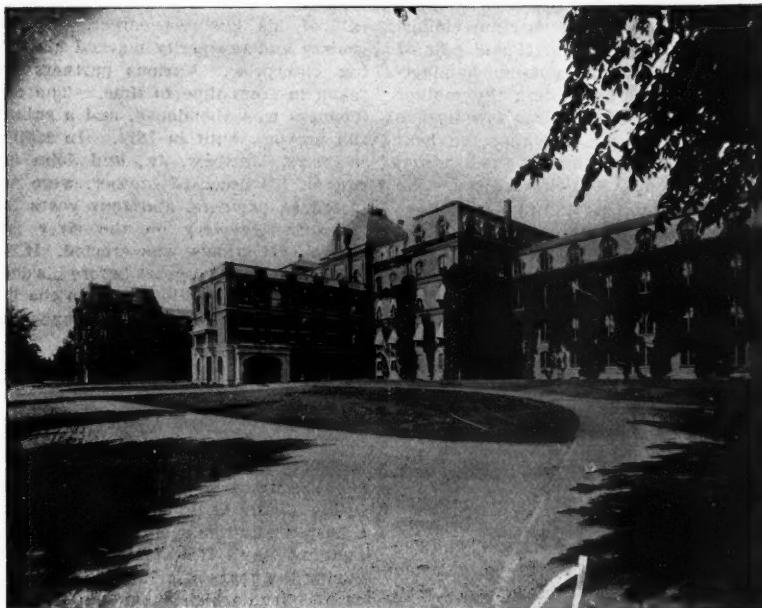
MATTHEW VASSAR.

Thousands who have heard of Vassar College know little or nothing of its founder. This may arise from the fact that he never did anything else of a public nature, so that his name has become sunk in and absorbed by the college, something as that of John Loudon Macadam has been lost in the kind of road he originated.



But the man Matthew Vassar was a very substantial figure, and one of the most successful business men, everything considered, that this country has ever known. But, unfortunately, this country cannot pride itself on his birth, for this took place in England. It was on the 29th of April, in the year 1792, at East Dereham, parish of Tuddenham, Norfolk, over against the North Sea, that he first glimpsed the light of day. His father, James Vassar, was a farmer, who had married Anne Bennett, the daughter of another farmer of the neighborhood. But the Vassar family was of French descent, the great-grandfather of Matthew having come from France and settled in Norfolk. At that time the form of the name was Vasseur, or Le Vasseur. A somewhat imaginative biographer of Mr. Vassar finds this name to have been "distinguished in French history," but ordinary books of reference are ominously silent on the point, though it will

be remembered that Le Vasseur was the family name of the Thérèse who was married (somewhat tardily it must be confessed) to that entertaining philosopher, Jean Jacques Rousseau. James Vassar and his wife were dissenters of the Baptist variety, and to secure greater religious freedom he, with his family and bachelor brother Thomas, came to this country in 1796, Matthew then being but four years of age. They spent the first winter in New York, but early in the spring of 1797 the two brothers purchased a farm of one hundred and fifty acres in Dutchess County some three miles east of Poughkeepsie, then a straggling Dutch village of a few hundred inhabitants.



The Main Building at Vassar.

The first summer seems to have been passed pleasantly enough, though we may suspect somewhat thirstily. For home-brew was sadly lacking. But there was a gleam of light in the darkness; wild hop vines were detected growing along the banks of the Wappinger's Creek. That fall Thomas sailed resolutely away for England. In the spring he returned with—seed barley. That summer the first field of this nourishing vegetable waved in Dutchess County, and that fall tankards of home-brewed ale foamed in the humble home of the Vassars. The neighborhood appears to have had a normal thirst and the family soon had assistance in putting the fluid where it would do the most apparent good. To make it for sale was a natural step, and with no effort, so far as history records, Poughkeepsie worked up a liking for it. In a year or two little Matthew and his mother began to be seen driving away to this village in the farm wagon with a barrel of ale standing up proudly behind the seat.

Indeed, by 1801 the demand for the Vassar ale became so great in parched Poughkeepsie that the brothers sold the farm

and James began its manufacture in town, while his brother Thomas took an odd turn and opened a brick yard. The career of Thomas with his hard and un-nutritious product need not detain us—let us stick to beer. The brewery prospered. It was the plan of Mr. Vassar to take in his two sons, John Guy and Matthew, as assistants. The elder did not object but Matthew, now fourteen years of age, rather oddly refused to listen to the proposition. The father thereupon apprenticed his youngest son for seven years to a tanner, looking upon this business, apparently, as neat, pleasant and fragrant. But Matthew reckoned it worse than brewing. The articles of indenture were drawn; on a specified morning he was to begin work; a goodly pile of well-ripened sheep-skins awaited him in the tannery cellar. The morning came but the future founder of Vassar College did not. He had appealed to his mother, and he was not the first or the last boy to do this not in vain.

On the morning before the fatal one Mrs. Vassar and her son had walked down the post road to New Hamburg ferry, eight miles below Poughkeepsie.

The boy, besides the home-spun clothes he wore, had an extra shirt and pair of stockings tied up in a bandanna handkerchief. At the ferry landing the mother kissed her boy and gave him seventy-five cents. Then, after watching the boat safely to the other shore of the Hudson, she walked back to Poughkeepsie. The remarks of Mr. Vassar and the tanner are, happily, not recorded in history.

Young Matthew made his way down the western bank to Newburgh. Here he got a place as clerk in a store, and here he stayed four years, and was a good clerk and saved his money. At the end of this time, being then eighteen years old, he returned to Poughkeepsie with one hundred and fifty dollars and entered his father's establishment as book-keeper and collector. Nothing was said about the tannery.

It was well, too, that he came back when he did, for a year later the brewery burned and Matthew's brother died. The elder Vassar lost other property aside from the brewery, and finally was forced to retire to a small farm in the suburbs where he and his wife passed the rest of their days.

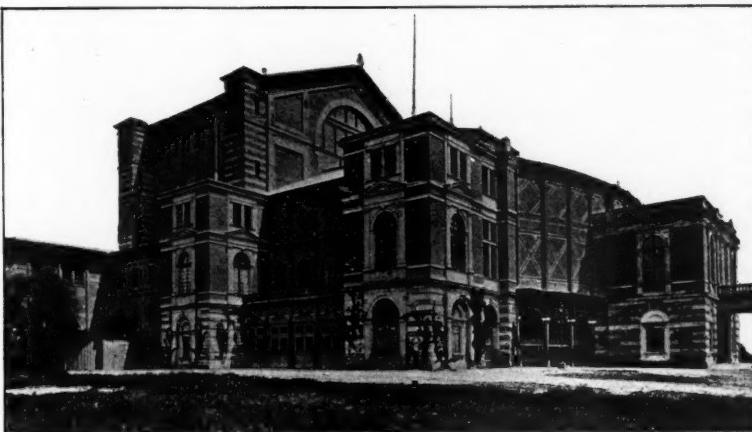
It was now that Matthew began to show his remarkable business ability. He was convinced that there was money to be made in brewing and determined to embark in the business for himself. In an old dye-house with a few kettles and pans, perhaps saved from the wreck of the brewery, he began making ale at the rate of three barrels a brew. This he delivered about town in person. The thirst of the place had in no wise abated, and by the next spring, that of 1812, being then barely twenty years of age, he was enabled to hire a room in the basement of the court-house (there being no prohibitionists in those days) for the retail sale of his product. All day he worked hard at the dye-house or attended to the family trade about town and in the evening till midnight served the customers at the bar in the court-house. Oysters were added to ale, and the combination found favor in the sight of the Poughkeepsians. Business prospered. He had confidence in the future, and the next spring, a little before his twenty-first birthday, Matthew Vassar and Catherine Valentine were joined in marriage, a state in which they lived for fifty years. Little remains to be

said of his business career. Constant growth and prosperity marked his brewing enterprise. Various partners were taken in from time to time. The retail business was abandoned, and a substantial brewery built in 1814. In 1832 his nephews, Matthew, Jr., and John Guy, sons of his deceased brother, were associated as partners, and four years later the large brewery on the river front which still stands was erected. It was not until 1866, two years before his death, that Mr. Vassar withdrew from the business he had so successfully founded and built up.

Long before this, in 1845, Mr. Vassar visited Europe and made an extended trip through Great Britain and on the Continent. It was, perhaps, at this time that the idea of founding some great public institution first began to take definite shape in his mind. At first his thoughts ran to a hospital, and he spent much time in examining Guy's Hospital in London. But during the years after his return the idea of a college which should do for young women what such great schools as Yale and Harvard were doing for young men gradually developed in his mind, reaching full maturity about 1860. The next year the charter for the Vassar Female College was obtained from the legislature, and on the fourth day of June, 1861, Mr. Vassar broke ground for the main building on the site chosen a mile or two east of the city of Poughkeepsie. The work was vast, and there were the distractions of the Civil War, but in September, 1865, the college was opened, over three hundred students being enrolled in the first class. The name was changed to Vassar College in 1867. For almost three years after this Mr. Vassar lived, devoting much of his time and strength to promoting the interests of the college. He died at the great institution he had created while delivering his annual address before the board of trustees in June, 1868, at the age of seventy-six.

Mr. Vassar left no children. During his life he was an active member of the Baptist church. He gave and bequeathed to the college which bears his name over three-quarters of a million dollars, a sum increased later by his nephews, Matthew, Jr., and John Guy, to considerably over a million and a quarter.

Bayreuth Theatre, the Mecca of Wagner Artists and Admirers.



THE WAGNER FESTIVAL AT BAYREUTH

BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE.

WAGNER musical devotees will learn with regret that no festival is to be given at Bayreuth in 1898. This authoritative announcement following the statement that the season of 1897 was a signal success seems in a way paradoxical. The Prince and Princess of Wales attended the August performances which were pronounced by exacting critics to be even better than those of the opening cycle. The spirit of his father is emphatically evident in the following statement credited to Siegfried Wagner regarding German attitude toward the Bayreuth festival.

He says: "The French have always been our most zealous adherents. Now, as always, the principal supporters of Bayreuth are French, Americans, and British. Moreover, the English shame in every way the Germans, who are supine, while the German press is antagonistic. But it can continue to be so, for the more it abuses us the greater our success.

"You can also see what a miserable state German music and German musicians are in. What are our national high schools of music doing for us and our cause and what have they done? Nothing. If they ever occupied themselves with the works of my father, they did it not out of conviction but because they

had to, for they would have disgraced themselves if they had stuck to their craziness or spitefulness.

"Get along with your Germans and Germanism! If it depended on them, the existence of our *Festspiel* would long since have been endangered."

To the American musical pilgrims in Europe, Bayreuth is indeed a Mecca. The weary tourist from "the states" is here repaid for the lonesomeness of the weeks and months endured in hearing a foreign language. How musical even the sharp, nasal twang of our own tongue seems!

The proportion of Americans at Bayreuth is increasing each year, until the festival is now looked upon as quite an American affair. There was an excursion "opera train" of many stuffy little coaches from Nurnberg, or Nuremberg as we call it. Some of these European cities have an unpleasant way of changing their spelling and pronunciation from that which we are accustomed to in our old geographies. Anvers (Antwerp), Kolin (Cologne) are two other examples known to map searchers. The excursion was just like any other rushing American throng—the discomforts even for the moment were refreshing in the sweet memories of a "jam" at a beach resort or the

World's Fair, for an American crowd is a crowd—it has some vim and push about it.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF BAYREUTH.

One cannot really know a country until one has visited it. There are always peculiar trivialities emphasized that recur to the actual tourist at Bayreuth—pronounced Byeroyte, and the W given the sound of V in Wagner—and seem to be fundamental earmarks of the tourist profession to those who have been there. If one is not in a proper spirit of veneration for Wagner—there is an instant of disappointment upon arrival. The place is only a common bit of earth's surface after all. The little town nestles in a valley among rolling hills, but about the first impulse is for the wondering eyes to search for that temple of music. Each of the surrounding hills is scrutinized and finally a great square structure, that might seem to us a western farmer's huge red barn, is pointed out as the shrine of Apollo. Then the illusion is rudely dispelled by the rush for carriages. Thank goodness there is one thing universal in all languages, that is figures—so we found carriage "49."

The English language is now spoken so generally during these festivals, that the Bayreuth children try the sentences they have been taught in school upon the tourist. They converse all right as far as

they go, or as long as they talk, but to talk to them is quite impossible. The novelty of being the guest of a friend who could not exchange a word with you is enjoyed—as all good and thrifty Bayreuthers throw open their houses for American dollars during the festival. The ratio of tourists is usually one wealthy papa to six daughters and retinue of young ladies, and a fussy but ambitious mamma. The old gentleman, true to the instinct of saving money, has an interesting dialogue with "kelner" who

has brought him "short change"—in his eagerness for appropriating American millionaire tips. This for a time dispels the mysterious spell of the supernatural musical effect of Wagner Opera. The promenade on the grounds at the Opera house between acts, suggests a vision of Babel—all languages as well as all tongues seem

in action at once—not forgetting that the retinue of young ladies is there. The only thing to mar the magnetic spell of the four performances I attended occurred during the rendition of Tannhauser. Just after a sonorous trumpet blast there was a breathless silence. The audience were suddenly startled by the shocking echo of a snoozer's solo coming from one in the centre of the audience. There was an awkward feeling of disgust, and yet the humor of the situation broke the gathering clouds of



Richard Wagner.



Scene from the Bayreuth production of *Lohengrin*. The Arrival of Lohengrin.
From the painting of Th. Pixis.

anger. The drowsy culprit was forgiven. He had attended every performance for six weeks with a flock of enthusiastic daughters. No, I did not say he was from Chicago.

The quaint old shops and streets are interesting. Carved decoration on the exterior of the shops is indulged in freely upon the least provocation, and the moss-grown roof is suggestive of the quiet life they lead. The morning newspapers are printed at 9 A. M. and delivered at noon. I never remained up late enough to capture an evening edition, as the Opera begins at 4 P. M. and is usually over at 10 P. M.

If it gives no offence the fact may be stated, that the Bayreuth flea is the gayest of the species. Even the miniature feather beds used for bed covering are no protection. The daily tramp of passing soldiers early in the morning breaks the monotony of life, and serves to keep alive the martial spirit and prepare the people for the morning nap.

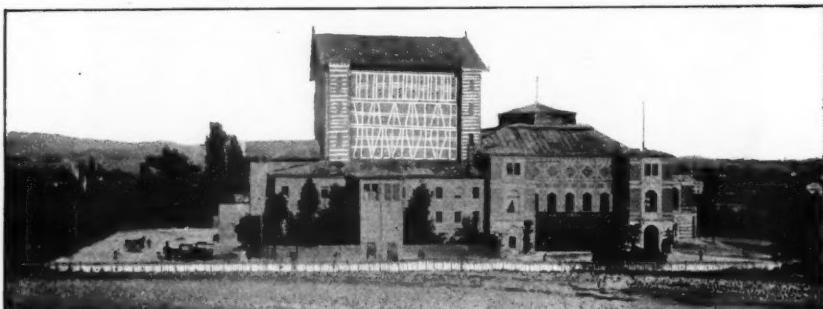
THE OPERA IN THE AFTERNOON.

The tickets are often held at speculators' prices, ranging all the way from five dollars, the regular price, to fifty dollars for each seat. So, you observe, opera is expensive in Europe. At 2 P.M. the start is made for the Opera House up a

winding, dusty road. In the corridor the ladies all remove their bonnets. A detail of trombone trumpeters announces the opening of the play and each act, in what appears to be an unfinished musical phrase. This summons seemed characteristic of Wagner music, plunging and dashing in all keys and all times, with no reverence or regard for an anticipated tone. The Opera House is very plain in the interior, suggesting an average old time American skating rink. No boxes at the side or near the stage—all in the rear, and these reserved for royalty. There are no balconies or centre aisles. The orchestra and director are quite hidden from the view of the audience under a large canopy just beneath the stage, which in the darkened room and complete hush that follows gives a startling effect as if the harmonies were creeping in from some

gather gently, like litesome fairies, almost imperceptibly at first—working up by a series of crashes and rippling runs into a grand climax, which the violins hold on a high tone—shaking it over into as many keys in as many seconds. The whole opera is more or less a spectacular pantomime. The scenic and orchestral work is sufficient to tell the story without a word being sung. In fact, to some the singing mars the pleasure, because it is not melody but only a series of well executed wails by way of emphasis, while the orchestra supplies the theme and melody. Wagner reverses the old rule. The singers must accompany the orchestra.

Fourteen years ago Richard Wagner himself conducted his last performance of *Parsifal*. Mme. Melten, who created the role of Kundry at that time, appeared



A General View of Wagner's Musical Shrine.

subterranean depth. The clatter of turning down seats when the one thousand auditors are once inside resembles a volley of musketry.

At 4 P. M. the lights are turned down and the real solemnity of the scene begins. One feels the spirit of the great composer creeping over the throng. It seems as if some impressive religious rite were to be celebrated. Wagner's last and crowning masterpiece is to be given, and in some respects *Parsifal* is a musical passion play. The opening notes are a simple run up the scale—with startling effects in the well measured crescendo and sustained tones. The auditor is falling under the spell—the music tells the story. It is the language of Heaven that is to be spoken. Then the chords seem to

at Bayreuth in 1894. She displays wonderful power in the passionate passages—and yet the idea of making music out of the vocal score was entirely overlooked. It was Mme. Nordica, an American, who achieved the initial conquest of Wagner's vocal score in 1894. The honors were bestowed upon her not alone by the critics, but Mme. Wagner and her daughter, Countess Wurtemberg, were warm in their appreciation of her work as an artist.

The opening scene—the dawn—is sublime; it suggests the purple grandeur of a sunrise at Mt. Rigi. The infinite and the finite seem to touch—the celestial and terrestrial are blended into perfect harmony in the fleecy white clouds and snow-capped mountains in the distance.

NOW YOU WANT AN IDEA OF PARSIFAL.

The long solos and *recitados* are inclined to be tedious, especially to a foreigner who does not understand the language, and is compelled to depend entirely upon a translated libretto. The dinner and refreshments between acts are a humane consideration for some. It is not at all unusual to hear other of Wagner's operas given elsewhere, but "Parsifal" seems to refuse all transplanting. It loses much of its grandeur in the process. The work is truly sublime, but to idle curiosity seekers it is indeed a disappointment. The scenic effects are so in consonance with the action of the opera, that one never thinks of the mechanical contrivance as in other productions — the spirit of the composer holds captive the auditor. It is indeed a study of Divinity. The dying swan which the innocent Parsifal shoots, the suspended spear which quivers near his breast when hurled with a sudden and deadly aim; the Holy Supper and the suffering Amfortos, the Holy Grail, Kundry washing Parsifal's feet and drying them with her hair; Parsifal baptizing Kundry at the well—give a glimpse of Holy Writ that goes direct to the heart and causes a deeper veneration for these wonderful stories than

that ever felt before. Some slight alterations were made in the final transformation scene, but otherwise it remains as the great composer left it.

MADAME NORDICA'S SIGNAL TRIUMPH.

The intense interest which Americans have manifested in the Bayreuth festivals is no doubt accentuated by the triumph of Madame Nordica's Elsa in 1894, when the Damascus blades of relentless European critics were sheathed. I have listened to Lohengrin many times before and since, but that production at Bayreuth to me was unrivaled. It gave a new conception of the character of Elsa. Mme. Nordica indeed won her laurels, and American enthusiasm at her triumph could scarcely be restrained from violating the rules of the Opera House in



Madame Lillian Nordica.
The only American Prima Donna who has sung at Bayreuth.

calling her before the curtain. How well I recall a visit to the prima donna in the flush of her success! The little reception room seemed a flower grotto—a portion of the scenery of the second act of Parsifal transplanted. Here and there were handsome wreaths of roses presented by admiring friends. The blossoms were sparkling with crystal drops of water after their morning bath. It was altogether an unfashionably early hour, the morning after one of her great-

est triumphs. There was an atmosphere of work about the room. I had climbed three flights of stairs and successfully passed the woman who was at work outside, and who frowned upon me as an intruder. There were a few minutes left me to contemplate before Madame Nordica appeared to observe. About the dainty escritoire was the inevitable evidence of Americanism—an array of photographs. A bust of Wagner and his likeness occupied the post of honor. A grand piano took up considerable space, and was tastefully strewn with weapons of the prima donna, music rolls, text-books, etc., and manuscript music that resembled Horace Greeley's handwriting. A bust of King udvig, the royal patron of Wagner, stood out in bold prominence. In fact, the apartment was filled with trophies of conquest, but the morning light just then shone upon a portrait, the likeness of a kindly face—a face I just then saw reflected in the daughter as she entered. It was mother's smile that still greeted the daughter first, although she was slumbering in a New England churchyard. Madame Nordica had entered, and with the open, graceful homeliness, only known to American women, she bade the intruder welcome. Although she had endured the strain of seven hours of Lohengrin the night previous, like a characteristic American she was up bright and early and ready for work. For her life has been one of hard work. It had been less than a year previous that she began to study German, and now the Germans claimed her as native born.

Madame Nordica is a student—a self-reliant and self-made woman, and this adds a particular interest to her success, and further emphasizes her Americanism. She studied at the New England Conservatory, and only went to Milan to finish her repertoire. This effectually dispels the notion that Americans must only study music abroad. She is sanguine over the prospect of a distinctive school of American singing method, free from the heavy vibrato and tremulo of the German and the tiresome airiness of Italian song—a golden mean—utilizing the best in each, but making music a primary object in opera.

Every detail in Lohengrin had interest for her in the rehearsals at Bayreuth,

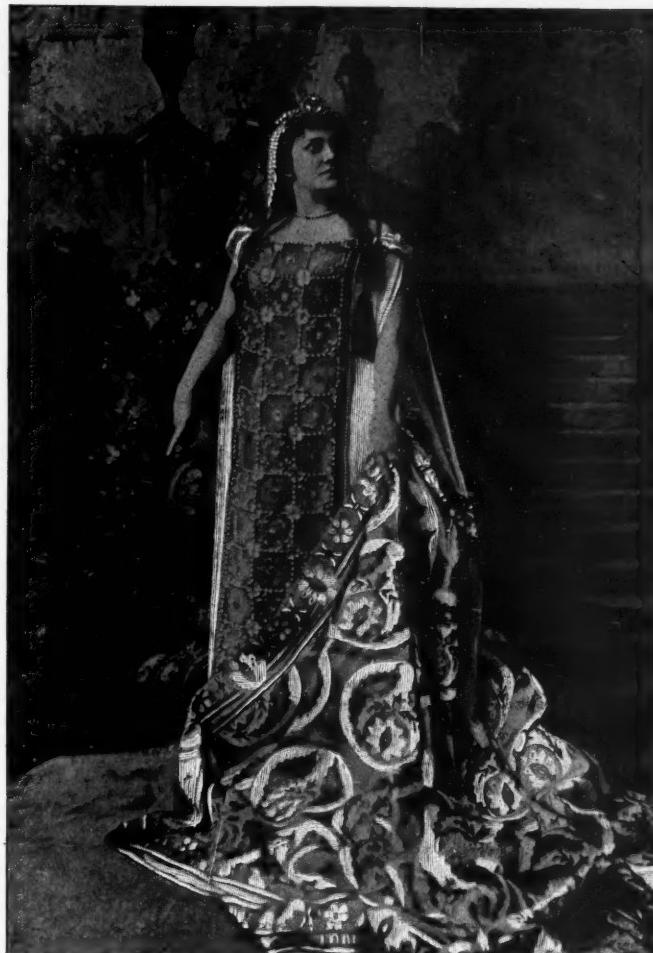
and arduous work had enabled her to give that exact, conscientious musical expression of Wagner's vocal score which achieved her triumph. She believes in quality rather than quantity of tone, in the finished shading of every note and phrase instead of throwing the voice out in great geysers of sound. Her skill in so delicately shading the soft sustained passages which are carried to every recess of the great auditorium made the Germans ponder, and they pronounce it a peculiar natural gift. Nordica stamps her pretty foot and says, "No, it requires study and practice to make music, no matter how exquisite the voice may be." It is giving an honest tone—measure for measure—right from the chest—no throat gurgle—no vibrato or tremolo, which quivers about uncertain which way to go with the frightened semi-tone. No! It is as in everything else, honest work that pays. It is true there may not be the full volume demanded by the German school, but large roses are not always the most fragrant or the most beautiful. The ear-drums can easily distinguish between bugle blasts and the carol of birds. Nature's own symphony is expressed in the flexible sympathetic notes of birds and the echoes of the forest which is never without a blended finish; a graceful shading. This is, as I understand it, the theory she holds. And it is eminently sensible. Too many operatic singers are merely vocal gymnasts. They forget the soul within them. It was not alone the Americans who were fascinated by Nordica's Elsa, but during that morning Countess Wurtenburg, daughter of Wagner, called to express her appreciation of Nordica's Elsa, and stated in very plain English, that it was truly the greatest interpretation she had ever witnessed of her father's favorite character. Madame Wagner, widow of the deceased composer, presented the American prima wit a handsome lace fan with "Elsa" worked in the centre and Madame Nordica's monogram in silver and gold at one side. Both ladies appeared to have a warm affection for Nordica. Another prominent German teacher, who formerly sang in Wagner opera, unhesitatingly pronounced Nordica the greatest operatic singer living, and that she was the first to give the true musical conception of Wagner's vocal score. "And I'm already

a German too," she added, by way of emphasis, in her pretty broken English.

As I was about to take my leave, two pretty, modest and blushing American girls were ushered into the room. They were evidently in Germany studying music, and it was indeed inspiring to note the deep admiration they held for the prima. Their hearts seemed to beat with stimulate d ambition as Madame Nordica took them by the hand.

Here was a study—the dawn—and full noon-tide zenith of ambition. Down stairs I met a beggar—a n old wrinkled woman—she was once a famous French singer—and now—well, a coin rather than hear the sad story. After all, true womanhood is the greatest jewel in the coronet of an opera singer.

Madame Nordica has great faith in American composers and the creation of a distinctive school of American music. Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, of Boston, has already indicated her talent in a mass, and other heavy music, and is soon to bring out an American grand opera, and with Nordica in the cast, it will be given in all its possible strength.



Madame Nordica as Elsa in "Lohengrin."

The ambition of the American debutante has been achieved. She has sang and conquered in Wagner Opera. At Chicago in 1893 her solo work in "Creation" was a finished piece of art. Hundreds who heard the soft sustained "cooing dove" passage—recognized the same pure, honest work in her Elsa. They feel an enthusiastic pride in her triumphs.

There is something that fascinates and rivets one's whole energy to music in Bayreuth. No distracting rushing business—and the very breezes seem to breathe rich harmony. Those who go

there in the right spirit are not only musically enlightened, but strengthened in the great and nobler purposes of life. Every night as I went to bed at Bayreuth, I heard singers still practising Wagner. At first I thought I was dreaming. Some of them, professionals, rehearsing for the great work on the morrow—in training like the contestants in the Olympian games in ancient Athens—others mere amateurs, indulging in the usual shriek and wail. Altogether, the spirit of Richard Wagner seemed to reign supreme night and day.

During the festival I met Siegfried Wagner, the only son of the great composer. He is a bright and energetic young man who wears coachman's side whiskers and speaks good English. He has even some distinction as a "left-handed" conductor. He did not miss a performance, and is an intense musical student and much admired in Bayreuth. He rides out a great deal on a sprightly steed, and on the streets is greeted with all the honor of a prince by the people of the town which his father made famous. He resembles his father—having that peculiar rounded nose and protruding chin and dark brown eagle eyes. During those passionate passages in Parsifal I have seen his eyes fill with tears.

AT THE TOMB OF WAGNER.

On the last night of my stay at Bayreuth, I visited the tomb of Richard Wagner. The sun had just hidden behind the hill upon which the opera house rests like a temple of Triumph. Through the handsome garden of "Wahnfried" I walked with the feeling of treading almost upon sacred ground. Every flower and blossom seemed to give greeting. A soft breeze was stirring amid the small

thicket in the garden at the rear of the house where the great master lived. The leaves seemed to whisper the harmony that breathes in Wagner's operas. In the spreading silver moonlight I climbed the iron fence and stood beside the grave with uncovered head. The great dark marble slab was nearly buried beneath a bank of withered wreaths and flowers strewn by admirers. The ivy creeps up on all four sides as if to protect the silent sleeper. At each of the four corners lilies nodded their heads in slumber. Here, surrounded by the young copse and thicket, in a shaded summer house on the right, Richard Wagner composed his last music. Here in the quiet shades he wrote his last song, the swan song of his own career. His great heart yearned for the hidden truths of life. The deep longing of his soul found expression in that musical score. For nearly an hour I stood enraptured in thought. The night wind seemed sighing in harmony with the rustling leaves. The sky had clouded—the lightning flashed—thunder pealed in a crescendo of terror. I started. The heavy peals died away in echoes down the valley with accelerated rustle of leaves. How like Wagner's music! Yes, he was close to Nature. He mastered the heroic inspiration of the Greek drama. He caught the very breath of the whirlwind, and syncopated the innate yearning of the soul with Nature's own cadence.

After the storm threatenings, a lull and sweet calm; the soft strains from the finale of "Parsifal,"

"Wondrous Work of Mercy,
Salvation to the Saviour"

found expression in the swaying tree-tops, not in articulate words—but in music, the language of Heaven.





Christ and the Adulteress.
From the painting by H. Hoffman.

CHRIST AND HIS TIME*

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

THE PARABLES OF JESUS

Return to Capernaum, and the Healing of the Demonized Dumb—The Blaspheming Pharisees—Visit of Jesus' Mother and Brothers—Teaching in Parables—Stilling the Storm—In the Country of the Gergesenes: the Demons and the Swine—The Hem of His Garment—Raising of Jairus' Daughter.

AFTER the dinner with Simon, the Pharisee, Jesus continued upon this second circuit of preaching among the Galilean towns, attended now, not only by the Twelve and a great throng of grateful, believing and wonder-seeking men, but also, for a while at least, by not a few loving, loyal women.

The names of three of these women are recorded; and something of tenderest reverence and beauty pervades the thought of them—the earliest of that now unnumbered host who have lovingly, faithfully followed Jesus and "ministered unto Him of their substance." Mary Magdalena (so called because she lived

in Magdala, a village near Tiberias on the shore of the Sea of Galilee) was one of these; and her we shall see again, watching beneath the dark shadow of a Cross, and coming early with ointment to an empty tomb. She, too, like the woman that was a sinner, loved much, for she had been forgiven and healed of much. Tradition makes her beautiful and rich and profligate before her conversion; but the Scriptures show her beautiful only in devotion, rich only in love, and profligate only in her sacrifices for her Saviour.

Joanna, another named, also had cause for much love; for she was the wife of Chuza, Herod's steward, whose son Jesus

* This serial began in the November number, 1896.

had healed by His spoken word from Cana. The third named was Susanna. How long these women followed with Jesus we do not know, but probably for a short time only.

Having completed the circuit, Jesus was once more approaching Capernaum, when two blind men came after Him beseeching to be healed. Upon the strength of their faith He restored their sight, charging them (for he now feared the Pharisees) that they tell no man of it. But they, like so many, instead of obeying in thankfulness, let their great gratitude harm their Benefactor by spreading the news far and wide.

But perhaps little could now be added to the fame of Jesus. The raising of the widow's son at Nain had been heard everywhere and whatever opposition had been forming against Him this miracle precipitated.

On entering Capernaum that day people came bringing to Jesus a dumb man who, besides, was possessed by a demon. (Matt. ix. 32, and Mark iii. 22. Not to be confounded with the later event in Luke st. 14). This one also Jesus restored, and the multitudes looked on and marvelled; but the Pharisees saw and cursed.

THE BLASPHEMING PHARISEES.

These enemies, the Pharisees, seem not to have followed Jesus on the journey just ended, but on hearing of the miracle wrought at Nain, had hurried back from Jerusalem bent upon breaking His power at all costs. Their hate and hostility was now more open and fierce than ever, and as a party they had become leagued against Him.

The healing of this demonized dumb man was at last the occasion for the commencement of their terrible and most telling charge, viz., that Jesus was possessed by devils and did these miracles through the help of Beelzebub, the prince of devils.

That Jesus wrought miracles, these leaders could not deny; but what they now sought to do was to find some explanation for His power that would make His great works His greatest condemnation. Miracles, to the Jews, could be performed in the name of Satan as well as in the name of God. In whose name did Jesus work them? Denying and hating this righteous, humble Galilean, Who fulfilled not one of their preconceived, per-

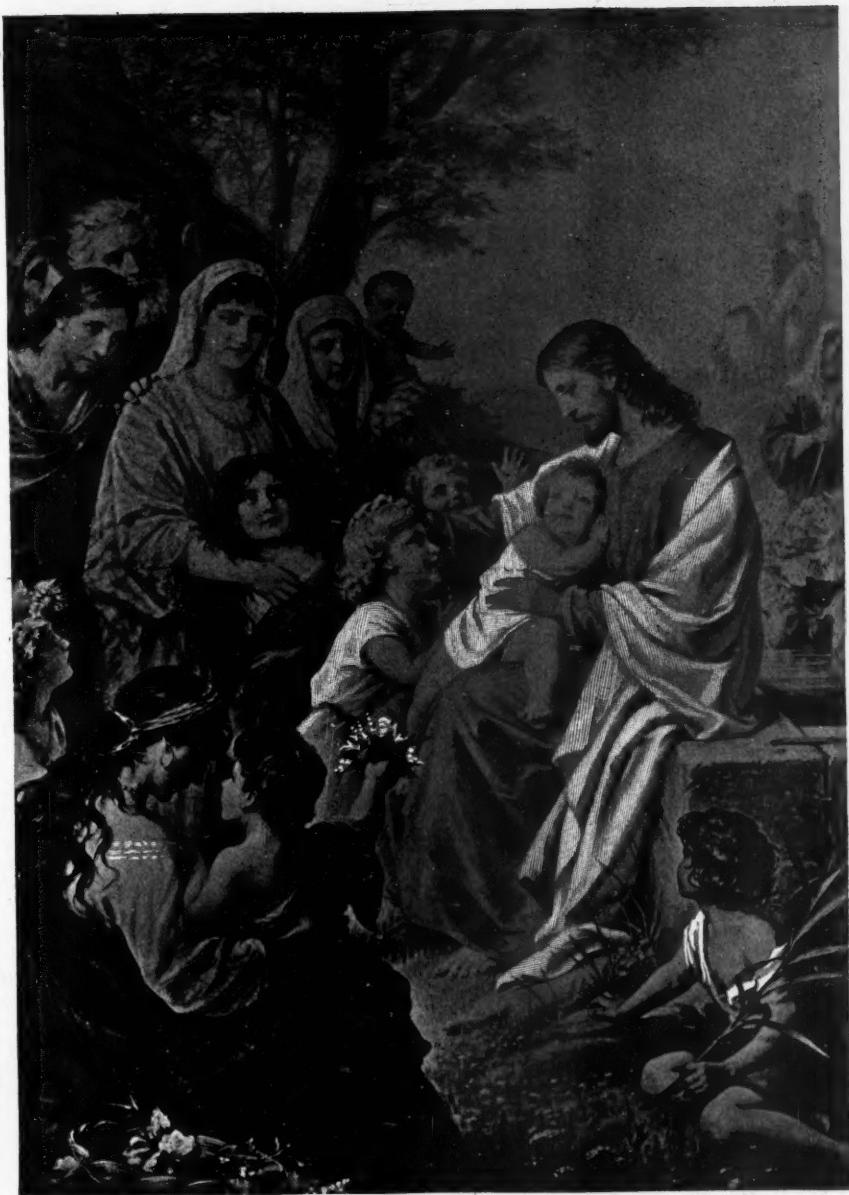
verted notions of the Messiah, yet Who claimed to be that Messiah, these Pharisees were only too ready to charge Jesus with working in the name of Satan. Thus, to them, Jesus became, not the Revelation of God, but the Incarnation of the Devil; and it was in thus making Satan's what was of God that their black and awful blasphemy became a sin against the Holy Ghost.

VISIT OF JESUS' MOTHER AND BROTHERS.

This was subtle poison and far more potent at this time than the fiercest outward opposition could have been. When the great and revered Rabbis of Jerusalem, the nation's teachers, frankly acknowledged the miracles of Jesus, but showed, how, through the Ruler of the Demons, He wrought them, it could not be expected that the simple, ingenuous Galilean farmer and fisher folk would be proof against the cunning and authoritative charge. The very awe with which they regarded Him; His infinite removal from them; His power and claims only heightened the effect of whatever view they took of Him. Naturally they looked through the glasses of their religious leaders and seeing Jesus now under demonical influence, each new miracle instead of being a manifestation of the Christ, became a fresh evidence of His Satanic agency, and deepened the hate and opposition against Him, which now clearly and without wavering pointed toward the Cross. And from now on the attitude of Jesus toward His enemies changed; all hope of winning them or opposing them was laid aside and all that was left for Him to do, was to denounce their blind and awful purpose.

The knowledge of this last charge of the Pharisees quickly reached the ears of the mother and brothers of Jesus, who misunderstood yet loved Him, and it filled them with a new fear for His safety, and, it may be—so great was the power of Rabbinical authority, so holden their spirits' eyes—even started a doubt in their souls as to the doings of this unaccountable Son and Brother. Was He indeed possessed or beside Himself? Was it not time for them to exercise their right of kinship and save Him from His threatening enemies and from His own fearful hallucinations?

And now reports of new miracles and fierce denunciations of the Pharisees, and



Christ Blessing Little Children.
From the painting by B. Plockhorst.

new claims of Messiahship came to them, so they hurried forth to take Him. They found, as always at this time, a vast throng surrounding Him while He spake. To penetrate to Him was impossible, but to pass the word along through the crowd, that His mother and brothers were out on the edge desiring Him, could be done; and this they did.

Had Mary forgotten the words of her Son in the Temple years ago? Had she forgotten His reply at the marriage supper in Cana scarcely a year gone? Had the meaning of the angel's message, the manner of His birth, His life and works and words not yet reached her heart with the full truth? The sword must now, and yet again, pierce her mother's heart ere Jesus would be severed as her Son and stand apart as her Messiah and Saviour. Jesus could not be harsh or disrespectful to His much-loving, much-mistaken mother—no Jewish son could; much less He—and we look at once for the real significance of His answer. It is deep and lofty and spiritual. It was to the realer, higher, closer, spiritual relationship with the Father and with these new believers, who, through Him had found sonship with the Father, and brotherhood with Him, the Father's Son, that Jesus would point the multitude. He paused for a moment on hearing the request of His mother and brothers and asked, "Who is my mother? and who is my brother?" Then stretching forth His hands over the congregation He exclaimed, "Behold my mother and my brothers! For whosoever shall do the will of my Father who is in Heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother."

TEACHING IN PARABLES.

Jesus dismissed the multitudes and with His disciples resorted, as He had so often done, to the seashore. He wished for rest and solitude. New dangers threatened Him; the time had come when a new course of action must be adopted if He would accomplish His mission; and He longed to be alone. But the people followed Him, and vast numbers were quickly crowding about Him on the shore. His disciples brought up a boat, and once more, from this floating pulpit, the great Teacher addressed the audience on the beach; but not now, as ever before, for now His words were strange

and mystical—He spake to them *in parables*.

This parabolic teaching marks a distinctively new and advanced stage in Jesus' work of founding the Kingdom. Its immediate cause was the new and subtle charge of the Pharisees that He was under Satanic influence. This charge now became a theory with His enemies by which they accounted for all He did; and this change in His teaching was His readjustment to the difficult and perilous relations in which this attack placed Him. Besides, for a long time Jesus had known that the great mass of people were attracted to Him by wonder and curiosity, not by any spiritual discernment of His real personality and mission; that soon they would desert Him, and as He yet had many things to say to those who could receive them, He now saw the time had come when He must begin to say these things. Hitherto He had taught the initial truths of the Kingdom, openly and simply, to all. Some of the people were receptive, most were not. Hereafter He will teach the deeper truths of the Kingdom in parables, that all who, thus far have hardened their hearts and withheld Him, may the less understand and be the further separated; while those who have already received Him and the Truth, shall be drawn the closer to Him and shall know more of the mystery of the Kingdom. By this method Jesus continued to impart truth and instruction concerning the Kingdom, but this was a method also, by which He brought every hearer to an out and out decision for or against the Kingdom. If one had a leaning toward the new teaching, he must now wholly accept it, and to him, being one that already had a little, more would be given, till he had abundance; but being compelled to choose, if he had little desire for the truth, he would wholly reject it, and from him, having not, would be taken away even the little he might once have had.

Thus the occasion of the parables was the spiritual unreceptiveness of the people; and the effect of the parables was to separate the people, from this time on, into two distinct classes: those who received and those who rejected Jesus. But this effect was not due to the parable itself, but to the previous preparedness of those who listened: bringing increased light and salvation to all who believed

His words and works to be those of the Christ, the Son of God; bringing increased darkness and stumbling to all, who, hating truth and righteousness, called Him the agent of the Devil.

Perhaps the above is the best definition we can give of a parable. As a form of illustration it was very common among Jewish teachers, but Jesus so spiritualized and perfected it, that parabolic teaching may rightly be called the creation of Jesus—a way He had of teaching spiritual truth. It consisted in taking some incident of life or nature, or some imaginary narrative whose truth and commonness was instantly recognized, and making this the foundation of moral and spiritual teaching, by showing the complete analogy or perfect parallel existing between these every-day scenes and incidents and things spiritual. This material world being the work of the God of the Spirit world, things upon the earth have their counterparts in heaven; and Jesus thus made the simplest and commonest incidents and scenes of every-day life the illustrations of loftiest truths or the vehicles of sublimest spiritual lessons. But a parable was more than an illustration, for oftentimes what it suggested was infinitely more than all it illustrated; and some parables were all suggestion and must needs be explained even to those who sought their truth. And still further a parable became a test of character: leaving those who loved darkness in still denser darkness; and bringing clearer light to those loving light.

But let us return to the seashore and



*Jesus Stilling the Tempest.
From the drawing by Gustav Doré.*

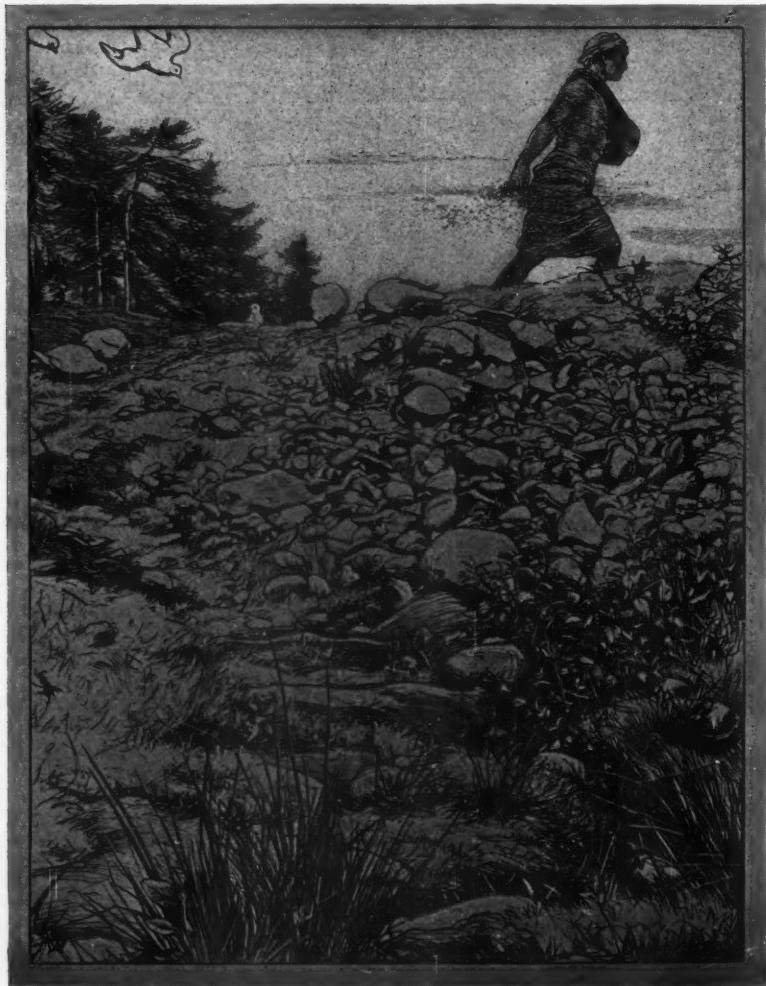
take our place, as is our great privilege, not with the multitude on the beach, but with the Twelve in the boat. It was a soft autumn day; a cool breeze blew down the sea and the boat rocked gently on the waves of the limpid lake. Beyond the crowd upon the shore, in the distance, was a sower, going back and forth across his field in the fertile plain of Gennesaret, scattering the seed of his fall planting.

Pointing silently to the sower, till every one in the throng was gazing in expectant curiosity upon him, Jesus began to speak with unusual and strange significance, but with strangely hidden meaning: "The Sower went forth to sow." The Parable of the Sower! The first such discourse they had ever heard from Jesus! What did it mean?

We have always known the Master's explanation, and to us the meaning is

as clear as morning light. But to those who listened that day, except to those who saw in Jesus the Divine Sower and who saw in His words the Good Seed, it was all a mystery. These crowds flocked about Jesus to hear what He had to say about the Kingdom of God so long promised them; and the few followers believed in Him because they thought Him the Promised Messiah and that He was about to establish this Kingdom; but unbelieving

crowds and believing followers were alike mistaken in their conception of the Kingdom and the way it should come, and while the multitudes found this parable a total mystery, the disciples, even, had to ask its complete meaning. All were looking for a material Kingdom, a Messiah who would be an earthly King, and establish His power by force. But no. He had indeed brought the Kingdom —a Kingdom, not to be *about* them as



Illustrating the Parable of the Sower.
From the drawing of Sir John E. Millais, R. A.



Illustrating the Parable of the Tares.
From the drawing of Sir John E. Millais, R.A.

they thought, but *within* them. Their hearts were its soil; He the Sower; His Gospel the Seed. But as with the sower's seed yonder, so with His seed of the Gospel; some would fall by the roadside and birds would pick it up; some would fall on shallow, stony ground, to spring up and wither some; would fall among thorns and perish; some would drop into good (sympathetic and believing) soil and bring forth fruit.

It was, perhaps, while the multitudes were discussing the meaning of these

mysterious words, that the disciples in the boat asked and received of Jesus His explanation of the parable. How altogether different this idea of the Kingdom from their Jewish notions! Not outward, of sudden and splendid conquest; but inward, of slow growth; not by might, but by spirit!

Again He addressed the people. He had just told them how the Kingdom *came*, or how it was *planted*; now He advances a step in the development of the Kingdom, and with the Parable of the

Growing Seed (Mark iv : 26) tells them how the Kingdom *grows*. It grows as a seed grows. The farmer sows it, and that is all he can do; but while he attends to his ordinary duties, the earth, with life-giving power within herself, brings the seed from leaf to ripened fruit. The farmer sees the growth, even reaps the grain, but cannot tell *how* it grew. So He, the Sower, will drop the seed and leave it to the quickening, developing power inherent in the seed and in the soil and in the showers of the Holy Spirit, until the harvest is ripe. Darker and darker grew the "mystery of the Kingdom" to those "without;" clearer and clearer it grew to those, who, in sympathy and belief, were already within the Kingdom.

But still the mystery was to be made more mysterious and more wonderfully plain. In that country then and to this day it is no uncommon thing for an enemy to come in the night, and upon a man's field of newly planted wheat, to sow tares. These tares, according to Jewish legend were a degenerate poisonous kind of wheat, undistinguishable from good wheat until it came to seed. The Kingdom is like a field of wheat over-sown with tares. All understood the picture, but not even the disciples saw its application to the spiritual conditions in the Kingdom. And how slow has the Church of Christ been to understand its truth! How often like the servants in the parable the Church has wished, nay, has actually gone into the growing wheat to uproot the tares and so destroyed the good grain!

It was well for the disciples to learn this lesson, for already in the Kingdom, among their own number, were tares—the sowing of Satan. And so there will ever be tares among the good wheat of the Church; but we are bidden to let them grow together until the harvest when, without harm, the separation can be made.

Three, more un-Jewish pictures of the Kingdom could not have been drawn. Yet how true they are to the history of the Kingdom! and how perfectly they illustrate the mystery of the Kingdom! But He had not ended His wonderful teaching yet. Two more perfect pictures of the Kingdom He now drew for them,

neither of which they could understand, for they could not conceive of the Kingdom in any such lights. First, with the Parable of the mustard-seed, Jesus told how the Kingdom, from the smallest, most insignificant beginnings, would grow *outward* and extend itself until it became greater than all other realms of spiritual truth; and how the nations would rest in it, as birds settled among the wide-spreading branches of the mustard plant, which grew to be the greatest garden herb from the smallest garden seed. Then with that other homely parable of meal and leaven He illustrated how the Kingdom, being hidden in a man's or a nation's heart, grew *inward*, pervading and transforming the whole life.

The multitudes were dismissed and Jesus with His disciples returned to His house in Capernaum. The people went their way confused and questioning; the disciples came back with the outlines of a new Kingdom looming large in the dawning light of a new and spiritual conception. These followers were beginning at last to catch at something of the real meaning of their Teacher's words. The parables had been stimulating and suggestive beyond anything they had so far heard, and for the first time the disciples really wakened to question Jesus deeply. When alone in the house Jesus answered their questions, but in such a way as to suggest other and deeper thoughts.

The day was nearly done, yet Jesus had some further private words for His followers. All they had heard to-day was about the Kingdom. But the Kingdom was not something to be taught only, it was a reality, a gift, to be valued and possessed; and with two more parables—The Treasure Hid in the Field, and the Pearl of Great Price—the Master showed them how great and how priceless a treasure it was, and what they must give up to have it.

One lesson more and the great day was done. Most of that little company in the room were fishermen and all would all must remember, that, as the Draw-Net They, even thus early, must learn, and we all must remember, that, as the draw-net will bring many worthless fish to shore, so within the Church there will be many unfit and unworthy of the Kingdom and not to be included in its spiritual fellow-

ship. To be a Christian means more than enrollment on the Church's records, more than mere inclusion in the Church's net.

The night had come; the day of teaching was over. He Who founded the Kingdom, had outlined the Kingdom and foretold its history. After eighteen hundred years we trace back the everlasting footprints of the Kingdom's history and find in every step and detail, the historical truth to support the absolute accuracy of the Founder's prophecy. Could He, Who so taught, Who so prophesied, have been less than infinite and divine; less than Prophet, Christ, less than Son of God?

STILLING THE STORM.

The twilight lay in long shadows upon the shore and over the sleeping lake. Jesus went out in the clear, cool evening to rest by the sea-side, but His very appearance in the streets was and He was quickly pursued by an a gathering g the signal for eager concourse. He had been with the people enough for one day; they still had His words to think upon; He was weary in body and mind; and turning to the disciples He said, "Let us depart to the other side of the sea." The disciples,

too, were weary of the people and in their eagerness to escape they hurried into the boat without forethought or provision and pushed off.

But while this was being done a Jewish scribe, dazzled perhaps by the marvellous teaching of Jesus and feeling that Jesus would surely need and accept one so learned and authoritative as himself exclaimed

"Lord, I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest." But Jesus, reading the soul of the man, that it was like the stony soil, whereon the seed had sprouted quickly, but would quickly wither, replied: "Foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." That scorching fact was enough for the scribe; he was neither received nor rejected — simply tested; and we never hear of him again. Then an earnest listener, who now would become a regular follower, seeing

Illustrating the Parable of the Lost Piece of Money.
From the drawing of Sir John E. Millais, R. A.



the hasty departure said, "Lord suffer me first to go and bury my father." "Follow me" was the startling and unconditional command of Jesus, "and let the dead bury their dead;" by which He meant, let those who are dead to My

truth attend to these worldly cares now, you have other and more pressing duties to look after.

Accompanied by a few other boats they were far out from shore heading toward the barren bluffs of the eastern side, when, with not a moment's warning the skies blackened, a screaming wild wind tore loose from the northern mountain gorges and swept raging over the cowering sea. The trembling waters leaped under the fearful lash of the tempest. Foaming and furious, wind and wave grappled and fought in fearful frenzy, beating the boats in their mad-dened might as though they were empty shells. The boats were unmanageable. Most of the disciples were experienced fishermen and used to the sea, but in these sudden storms only the winds were masters and terror seized every stout heart. Again and again they were buried in the foam and spray; wave after wave threatened them, and now their boats began to fill. All this time, flecked with foam, rocked by the storm, and covered with this awful darkness, Jesus slept in the stern of the boat. Weary with the long labors of the day, the Son of Man, unconscious of danger, slept, in His Humanity, the deep sleep of physical fatigue. In His sublime consciousness of perfect safety the tumult of the tempest had not disturbed Him; but now a cry of terror and dismay is mingled with the roar of the storm: "Master! Master! save! we perish!" and He awoke. From the night of sleep and peace He wakened into the night of storm and alarm and wild terror; but His spirit knew no change. He was divinely calm. Rousing at the cry for help He answered through the din and confusion: "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" Their souls were steadied. Then rising to His full height in the heaving ship, turning His face to the howling winds He stretched His hands out against them and the darkness and the angry waters, saying, "Peace! Be still!"—and all was calm. Softly, for a moment the ship lay, rocking on the sobbing sea; the stars came out, the silence in the boat was broken by creaking oars, and over the hushed and starry waters moved the boats toward the dim dark hills along the coast of the Gergesenes. And as they rode, the men whispered in wonderment and fear

and awe to one another, "Who is this? And we can answer with joy and certainty in the peace of a stormier sea of human passions made calm by His "Peace! Be still!" it is the Christ, the Son of God.

IN THE COUNTRY OF THE GERGESENES: THE DEMON AND THE SWINE.

Where the Wady Semak makes into the Sea of Galilee through the bare hills may be seen to-day the ruins of ancient Gerasa. Behind the ruins towers a high mountain whose steep slopes drop rapidly to the sea with just a narrow shelf of beach where a boat might land. In the sides of this mountain are gloomy caverns, used in that olden time for tombs. Across the sea from Gerasa, on the western shore, lies the plain of Gennesaret, with Capernaum a little to the north.

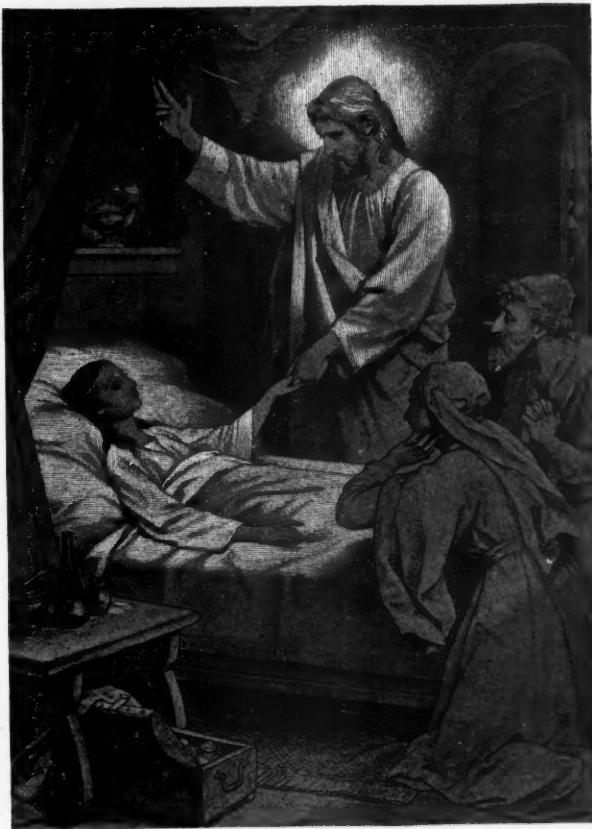
Toward Gerasa and the dark shadowy mountain, the fishing boats with Jesus and the disciples came gliding, while the softened splendor of the stars made the night wide and luminous. The keels crunched into the sand; the Master stepped upon the shore, when down along the mountain and over the beach, moved two strange shadows, rapidly approaching the boats. They had issued from the blackness of one of the foul gruesome tombs, and now in the soft starlight they were seen to be men in all the horror of raving bestial humanity. One of them, the foremost, was naked and wild and mad. His long hair hung matted over his glowing eyes, his flesh was bruised and bleeding, and frothing at the mouth in his frenzy, he rushed upon the company yelling frightfully.

He would rend them in his fury, but suddenly stopping and facing Jesus, he fell before Him as to worship, crying in an agony of pain and fright as the demons in him struggled with his own personality for possession, "I adjure Thee, by God, that Thou torment me not." "What is thy name?" asked Jesus calmly, as though He would quiet the ravings of the madman by waking memories of the long-past. "Legion," screamed the maniac, now fully lost to reason, and speaking with the tongue of the six thousand devils his diseased mind and perturbed imagination reft within him, "My name is Legion, for we are many." And with that the devils fell to beseeching Jesus

not to send them into the deep abyss of the sea.

Up on the mountain-side was a herd of swine, their dim forms just showing in the half light, standing stock still, as swine stand when suddenly aroused, listening to these piercing cries. "If thou cast us out," said the still raving demons, "send us not out of the country, but suffer us to go into the swine." "Go," answered Jesus. There was instantly a wild panic in the herd, a mad rush down the steeps, a frightful plunge into the dark waters of the sea—and all was still. But the panic had seized the herdsmen, too, and they fled, telling their wild tale everywhere and by early morning a multitude of Gergesenes had gathered on the shore. When they saw for themselves this horrible maniac, who had so long defied chains, and roamed the terror of the neighborhood, sitting at Jesus' feet wearing a coat some one had cast about him, and clothed in his right mind, they marvelled and feared, and remembering their lost swine began to beg the Master to depart from their coast.

Sadly, for He could do nothing against this selfish and unanimous wish of the people, Jesus turned back to the boats. He would depart if they wished. He had come for rest and found none; but He had brought peace and light to one soul and the voyage had not been in vain. He would gladly have stayed to give light and salvation to all, but they would not. Yet this much He could do; the restored man was begging to be taken as a dis-



Christ Raising the Daughter of Jairus.
From the drawing by Heinrich Hoffmann.

pie, but Jesus had another work for him, and He answered the request with this high commission: "Return to thine own house and show how great things God hath done unto thee."

THE HEM OF HIS GARMENT.

When Jesus and His disciples touched the beach at Capernaum, the morning of His return from the country of the Gergesenes, a listless, eager company was waiting to receive Him. He was welcomed even by the unbelieving crowd, for, while the mass did not understand His parables—because it did not want to understand—still Jesus was a mighty wonder-worker and the people did not wish Him to depart from them.

It had been a night of storm on the

lake, and it had been a night of dreadful anxiety in a home on the land. Jairus the chief ruler of the Capernaum synagogue, had watched the long night through at the bed-side of his dying daughter. She was his only child, just turned twelve, neither bud nor blossom, but opening now from the bud of girlhood into the flower of womanhood. She was dying. Was it some acute, malignant disease that had fallen only that night upon the child, as a frost falls at night from a clear sky upon a flower? And had the stricken father not been able to call Jesus before? No. Judging from the whole tenor of this narrative the girl had been sick some time, and it was only in this extremest need, as a last resort that Jairus came—driven, as it were, to Jesus.

He had known how the court-official's son was cured; perhaps he had been one of the elders who asked Jesus to attend the centurion's servant; he had seen Him perform many miracles; and it was this chief ruler who had invited Jesus again and again to speak in the synagogue; but for all this, he had been slow to believe in Jesus; and it was only in this last dire extremity, all else failing, that his faith was goaded into assurance and trust.

He broke through the throng about Jesus and in his agitation and despair, even fell on his face, and clinging to the Master's feet, begged Him to come to his home for his daughter was dying, might that moment be dead. All suffering moved Jesus, but this agony of the proud ruler, now so broken and humbled, touched Him, that He turned immediately toward the afflicted home. The ruler's words, so unusual, and the mission on which Jesus now went were bruted abroad until the whole multitude were pressing up, following at the back of Jesus actually crowding and jostling Him as they pushed along, curious and expectant, thirsting for excitement.

But there was one in that eager multitude, brought thither by more than curiosity—a woman, who, for twelve years had suffered sorely from a disease she dared not name for it made her unclean. It had defied all medical treatment. She had spent all she had in fruitless efforts to be cured, and at last in despair, like Jairus, she had come to the Great Physi-

cian. But how different the faith with which she came than that of the chief ruler! She came with an "excess of faith that was merging into superstition; he with a defect of faith that threatened to end in despair." Jairus had delayed for lack of faith; she for shame or timidity or ignorance or poverty; and now in spite of these comes, and in the very boundlessness of faith will be content even to touch the hem of His garment. And, still that contentment was wrong; for while it was born of her great faith, it was also the offspring of her fear and shame, and led to a misunderstanding of Jesus, and the filching of the blessing that would gladly have been given her.

Jesus was probably dressed with a turban upon His head made of a kerchief; sandals upon His feet; a long close-fitting, seamless robe—the "coat" of the disciples—hanging from His shoulders to His ankles, called the chalug, over which was another robe, sleeved, close-fitting, reaching to the ankles, girded about the middle with a belt. Over this, upon His shoulders, was a cloak, worn by every Jew, made of a square piece of cloth, bordered on the edges, and with white fringes at the four corners, tied into tassels with riband of hyacinth blue, symbolizing holiness to the Lord.

Likely it was one of these long tassels, hanging down behind near the ground that the woman grasped as she struggled through the dense throng. The instant she touched it she felt a thrill of new life through her and knew herself healed. She quickly drew back into the crowd. But Jesus realized all that had happened as soon as the woman. Many had touched Him as He went along, but none with faith. It was faith, not contact with His dress that healed, and turning as He felt the power go out of Him, He said, "Who touched My garments?" Peter turned too, and repeated the Lord's question to Him as though it were absurd to ask it with the multitude jostling them continually. But Jesus' eyes had passed quickly from face to face and now had fallen in tenderness and gentle authority upon the shrinking woman. She understood His mercy and her error; and hastening to Him, flung herself at His feet and told Him all. It was the confession He desired and the correction she needed

and He said, "Daughter, go in peace; thy faith hath saved thee; be healed from thy disease."

RAISING OF JAIRUS' DAUGHTER.

But all this caused delay in getting to the home of Jairus, and his anguish was all but unbearable. He had left his daughter dying, and this delay, might it not prove the last precious chance, lost? Alas! at this moment a messenger hurried in to the father, and his worst fears were realized. She was dead. The mourners had gathered, said the messenger, and, with just a touch of scorn, added: "Worry not the Rabbi!"

Jesus overheard the whispered words, and looked to see their effect upon Jairus. His faith at best, had been weak; this would test it. It needed testing; now the worst had come; now only perfect faith would avail. "Fear not, only believe," said Jesus to him, as he faltered. Here was the house. Taking, for the first time, the inner circle of His disciples with Him—Peter, James and John—Jesus entered. He hushed the useless noise of the wailing women and the flutes and sought

to comfort the mourners by telling them the maiden only slept, but all laughed Him to scorn. Upon this He put all out of the house, and with the parents and disciples, entered the silent, darkened chamber now hushed and hallowed by death. Where in all literature is there a picture to compare with this? So altogether beautiful; so pathetically human! so sublimely divine! By the bedside stands the Saviour and taking the cold, slender, little hand in His, speaks two of the tenderest words that ever fell on mortal ears, "*Talitha cumi!*" "Maiden arise!" The words were heard in the spirit world and at the all-powerful command, the soul returned to its earthly home, and the maiden arose.

The faith of that father and mother had indeed been weak. They were not prepared for this, and astonishment utter and dumb-founding struck them. Jesus had done for them, as He will do for us all, "exceeding more than we are able to ask or think." She was alive! and as the Saviour left the parents alone in their sacred joy, He commanded them to give her some food to eat.

(To be Continued.)

PEACE

Out of the shadows born of the night,
Out of the mist-clouds that steal the light,
Came in one mellow, golden bar
The gleam from a hidden far-off star.

Tossed on a sea of wild waves that beat
Serpent forms of growth around my feet,
I gathered one tangled, green-gold strand,
That anchored me safely to the land.

Bought with the refuse of dust and soil,
With nights of unrest and days of toil,
Come the soothing thoughts that bring
me peace,
That bid the clamorous tumult cease.

Ella Walton.

IN THE SHADOW OF ELY

BY MARK LEE LUTHER

YOUTH of course is a priceless possession; as all the world save youth is commonly supposed to be aware. Even youth in the person of Dick Stirling had a perception of this, as, stretched, one morning in early June, on the sunny, rolling turf which slopes away from the south side of Ely cathedral, he tossed aside his sketch book and all thoughts of architectural effects and defects and with half-shut eyes let himself steep in the beauty and picturesqueness of the "queen of the fen-lands." It was indeed good to be young.

Stirling had little excuse for repining and was sane enough not to indulge himself in the needless pessimism of the immature. His mother had died years before, almost too early in his boyhood for him to miss her, and his father while he was a junior at Harvard, leaving an ample, well-invested fortune and an old colonial home in Charleston which to Stirling was home no longer. It was Richard Stirling's rare fortune to fit his name; he always rang true metal. An object of idolatry in college by reason of unusual athletic achievements he had remained with his head still turned in the normal direction and had neither cut habitually his lectures nor after graduation gone the way of so many college athletes who degenerate into semi-professional coaches, fitted for nothing else and contented there to remain. Stirling did not accept the captaincy of the 'varsity eleven as the highest reach of earthly distinction, and his contempt for the idle rich was unmeasured. Foreign travel followed his graduation; then a course in architecture in Paris at the Beaux Arts; to which succeeded a loaf through the cathedral towns of England which brings him finally to the greensward at Ely where he lies, twenty-six, handsome, healthy, wealthy, and tolerably wise.

Something moving along the path beneath the shadow of the old trees and the cathedral caught his eye.

"Tourist," he thought lazily. The something came more into the open and disclosed a well-groomed, golf-suited figure, carrying a thick stick.

"American tourist," further ruminated Dick. "Has bought London clothes and has money to burn."

Then a familiar swing of the broad shoulders of the figure and a twirl of the thick stick brought Stirling to a sitting posture and the next instant to his feet.

"John Lambert, as I am alive," he ejaculated as he dashed across the meadow to the wonderment of certain ecclesiastical cows, as he called them, for they always seemed to him to share the general effect of sanctified calm which enveloped the cathedral neighborhood. The golf suit suddenly displayed a like animation and in a moment the two men were pumping one another's arms with an energy peculiarly American.

This friend of Stirling's was wrought of much the same stuff as himself though less favored by fortune. His father, James Elliot Lambert, Ph. D. (and a handful of other letters which he was qualified to add, attesting his brilliancy like the tail of a comet), formerly a professor in a New England college, had for some time in his Boston suburban home, devoted his energies to historical study, with what result the students of American colonial history well know. His door had stood cheerily open to this college friend of John's and the two boys, alike motherless, had in that home and their university life, knit a bond of friendship which was as of hoops of steel.

The arm-wrenching at an end the two men volleyed questions at each other with the volubility of a meeting of a Dorcas society. Then came a lull in which Lambert explained:

"Yes, you see father had to make special researches at the British Museum for his Great Discoverers series and as the banking office gave me no vacation last summer I was able to draw on them this

year for three months, and so over I came. Oh, of course you don't know what series I am talking about. Father has been persuaded by one of the big publishing houses to edit a series of biographies of Great Discoverers. They think that the pater is the one man of the entire professorial array to undertake the job and he is to write the first volume. He has been hobnobbing with Hakluyt and the deuce knows what musty old duffers while Grace and I explored London. Yes, Grace is along. You would hardly know Sis; she has been growing like magic beans since you left America. Well, father has finished his London book-worming and has hit upon Ely as a good, sleepy place in which to write his volume. Where are you stopping?"

"At the Lamb," said Dick, "and you?"

"Same animal. It's quite refreshing. I'm tired of White Horses, Green Dragons, Red Lions, and the other over-colored fauna. We came last night."

"Queer that I did not hear of your arrival."

"Not so very unless you find Ely exhilarating enough to keep you up until midnight. Father stopped at Cambridge to overhaul some old manuscript and then concluded that a drive to Ely would rest his brain. We enjoyed brain rest behind a slow horse until past twelve last night. He and Grace are still in bed resting their bodies."

"I'll call this a feast day in your honor," said Stirling, as they walked back to the inn. "The occasion deserves special recognition and shan't be desecrated by work. By the way, Jack, I took you for English at first sight until I saw that your clothes were too new. A good imitation otherwise."

"Oh, I'm not trying to disguise my Americanism," said Lambert, "I don't believe that I could; but I've travelled enough to discover that if one conforms a bit to the customs of the country in which he happens to be, I mean as to hats, neckwear, and such trifles, that he escapes any amount of fleecing. How they do spot us. There is a fellow who sells whistles near Charing Cross who struck up Yankee Doodle every time I went by until I bought an English hat."

"Yes, they seem to pick us Americans out here in England as easily as if we were Chinese," returned Dick, "but it's

different on the Continent. We're all English there until they know better. I remember the first time I was paid the compliment. It was when I first went to Paris. I was passing through one of the St. Michele cafés one night when a black-eyed grisette drawled at me: 'Ah yis! Ah yis! I spik English. Got tam!'"

At the door of The Lamb they ran athwart the professor. It was not hard to see where John Lambert had got his physique, for his father was cast in the herculean mold of Christopher North whom he suggested; the glow of health, the great muscles, the stalwart frame, the Homeric brow of North were all his, but his eye was the Lambert eye, a dark, gentle blue.

"Richard, is it possible," and Dick was seized in a grip that made him wince. "You are the same boy Richard," said the professor, holding him by either shoulder, "the same boy. I can see it. Europe has not spoiled you one whit. I suppose we owe this meeting to architecture. What are you doing?"

"Dawdling," replied Dick with modesty and a mien of truth. "I am specializing somewhat on church-building and am interested just at present in the English variations of the Gothic. Ely is a capital place, you know, to run through the full set of mediæval fashions."

"You shall devote your time to secular architecture this morning," said the professor. "I want you to look at our new house."

"Your house!" exclaimed Stirling.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you that," broke in John. "I could not cram all my news into half an hour. His massive brain needs room to think," poking the professor in the back. "Not to mention the needs of his two hundred and forty-seven pounds of bone and muscle. He got wind of it through one of the grammar-school masters here whom he met boring around some London library. We are all aching to see it."

Just then Stirling received a sensation. Could that be John's little sister whom he used to patronize—the thin slip of a girl with awkward, half shy, schoolgirl ways whose glorious Lambert eyes had seemed her one attractive feature; this was a radiant woman, in a grey travelling suit of close-fitting tailor make, who stood in the doorway drawing on her gloves

and smiling at his open-eyed and well-nigh open-mouthed astonishment.

"Yes, it is I, Mr. Stirling," she laughed. "I knew you were here. I saw you from my window."

As they walked along, John and his father in advance, Dick found himself wondering what to say to this new Grace Lambert at his side. It was a novel feeling that he must exercise his wits to talk to Jack's sister.

"You have been doing London, Jack tells me," he began. "What did you enjoy most?"

"Oh the National Gallery, the pictures," she replied enthusiastically. "I dragged Jack down to Trafalgar Square daily."

"Yes," said John looking around. "Her last two years of art school have brought her to a point where she can do art galleries from sunrise to sunset with ease, but I confess that it knocked me out."

"It is hard work," agreed Stirling. "I remember that once after several bewildering days of it I had a most tremendous dream. I took a stroll with some magnificent old chap in furbelows; I think that it was Van Dyck's Charles I. By way of opening the ball we began with a scene something like that which the monks painted down in Pisa on the walls of the Campo Santo; devils pitch-forking the damned and that sort of thing. Rather morbid taste in Charles wasn't it? But I suppose a ghost whose head had been cut off during his earthly career must have some morbid moments. I was then introduced to a few stately Velasquez grandes and one or two willowy Pre-Kaphaelites. Some Murillo cherubs who were very bright for their age joined the party and one of them dropped a peanut down my collar. We assisted at innumerable Dances of Death amid Turner sunsets and one gorgeous Titian assumption and finally wound up in a Corot landscape. The grey, uncertain light of dawn, the filmy, feathery foliage, all the Corot characteristics were there save the dancing nymphs; they weren't Corot nymphs; they were just pink, fat, Rubens Venuses and the leader had the face of Mona Lisa. I think that it must have been the shock of seeing that face topping off an apoplectic Repbens Venus which woke me up."

"Here we are," said the professor com-

ing to a halt and drawing a key from his pocket; "not so bad externally is it?"

"It's a gem!" exclaimed the girl.

Few of the dwellings of Ely aside from those ecclesiastic are picturesque. This was one of the few. A low cottage of greyish stone with red-tiled roof and quaint dormer windows, it stood down a side street near the cathedral, the whole overrun with vines, in a little thicket of flowers and shrubbery and enclosed by a tiny wall. It stood, not stands. Seek it and you shall find it not. The property has undergone "improvements."

"I think that the inside will please you," said Professor Lambert, as he unlocked the door amid a chorus of superlatives, and they stepped within. "It satisfied me when I ran up from London to look it over."

"This shall be your study, papa," cried Grace, dashing into a clean, sunny room whose windows looked out upon a little wilderness of scarlet poppies, clematis, and hollyhocks. "And this," running across the hall, "our state drawing-room where we will receive 'is Royal' igness. Oh what a duck of a kitchen;" and then a moment later they heard her dancing through the rooms above, exclaiming over chintz curtains and high post bedsteads.

"Why this is like a fairy tale," said Dick; "this coming to a strange land and finding a beautiful, furnished playhouse just begging you to bring in your dolls and be happy. What fairy god-mother built it?"

"I don't know the history of it yet," answered Professor Lambert. "It certainly is not old compared to the cathedral buildings. It belongs to a relative of the dean's who is on the Continent. My good angel, Mr. Heath, the grammar school master, arranged everything for me. He has even engaged a comfortable looking Mrs. Dorkens to minister to our needs."

"Here are the trunks," announced John from the doorway.

"Now we can settle," said Grace complacently. "That's what I enjoy."

"On the contrary we will eat," said John, looking at his watch. "It's an hour past noon."

Stirling's offer of his services for the afternoon was accepted and an hour later they were back from The Lamb with Grace in command and the men meekly

obedient. It is on such occasions that the feminine spirit seems born to rule, and amid the chaotic fragments of an orderless world the docile masculine dray-horse plods through his task in complete submission to the clear-headed executive force in skirts which stands over him. Dick rather enjoyed this taste of domesticity and did not object to being dominated by a pretty girl who knew enough to settle a house. His opinions of young women had been generalized largely from the society girl with society accomplishments. This new-found union of attractiveness and practicality was fascinating and inspired in him a desire for lifting trunks and shifting furniture which was wholly novel.

"Aren't they scrumptious?" asked Grace toward evening, pulling some rugs and bagdads from a box, heaping them over a trunk, and then seating herself upon the pile to rest. "And such bargains. I bought them in a store-shop I suppose the English call it—on High Holborn. Look at this rug for two pound six, and did you ever see such a bagdad for a guinea? Isn't it a beauty?"

"Superb;" answered Dick, but he thought not of bagdads. It was the picture which was superb. That brown-haired girl with the Lambert eyes, the dazzling teeth, and the flush of health, beautiful, although the lines of her face violated every rule of classic beauty, with the grey tones of her dress blending among the soft Oriental colors about and below her—the olives, the dark reds and blues, the tawny yellows and browns—and with the sun streaming from behind through the purple clematis, threading her hair with copper and gold, made Dick feel as if the room were the shrine of a madonna before whom he must bow down. Perhaps he might have done so had not the professor just then pounded his finger in an adjoining room which sent the madonna in hot search for arnica,

II.

Stirling found himself out of tune with architecture on the morrow and drifted from Lady Chapel to octagon, from octagon to choir, and from choir back to Lady Chapel in an uncertain, rudderless course which finally terminated among the sweet williams, pinks, and hollyhocks of the Lambert dooryard, where at the side he

espied Grace hovering over a bed of poppies with now and then a dart toward an intoxicating honeysuckle.

"I can't keep away from them," she laughed, coming forward. "Now that the house is settled and father is spattering ink in the study and John off I don't know where, on his wheel, I have nothing to do but buzz around among the flowers like an overgrown bumble-bee. I am not sure but bee sounds too industrious."

"Humming-bird," suggested Dick with poetical intentions which had the effect of making her laugh.

"Did you ever see one in a light blue shirt-waist and fuzzy, brown skirt?" she asked. "A humming-bird which was five feet five and weighed one hundred and twenty-seven pounds?"

"Here," Dick made mental note, "is a girl who won't be jolted."

An invitation to guide her to the favorite haunts of the artists about the cathedral and a counter invitation to Stirling to share the first luncheon in the cottage banished the uncertainty which had marked his movements of the morning, and Dick went in to talk to the ink-stained professor who towered in the doorway.

"Between father, my Baedecker, and Mr. Heath who called last night," said Grace as they set out, "I am almost too full of information about Ely for utterance. I've learned the little jingle about King Canute's stopping his boat near the monastery to hear the 'Muneches saeng' and I know that Hereward once had a camp here, that Cromwell strode into the cathedral with his hat on and stopped the service, and that Queen Elizabeth wrote a profane letter to one of the bishops beginning 'Proud Prelate;' but I haven't a date in my head for father doesn't much believe in them and I can't bear them. I do remember, though, hearing Mr. Heath say that the grammar school dates from Henry VIII. Mr. Heath isn't half bad. He is not a bit teacherified and has promised to take me through the school."

"That will be nice," said Dick, with elaborate cheerfulness. "Why can't these English stick to the home market," he reflected.

"But I must depend upon you to untangle the mysteries of Norman, Early English and Perpendicular styles." "My inings," thought Dick. "They are simply

a jumble of names in my head. I must feel like a Cook's tourist I saw in a picture gallery checking off the paintings in her guide book as she dashed by them."

They passed along beneath the bishop's wall with its supplicating notice to the boys not to throw stones into the episcopal garden, and came out along the front of the palace.

"There," said Dick, "is the model for the house I shall build for myself some day. I should like to put it somewhere along the Hudson. I like to fancy a stately pile like that with one of our American estates about it and the Hudson down below. I don't think that it would be incongruous. The valley of the Hudson has more of the always-been-there air about it for me than most spots in America, and such an old English house as this would grace a certain estate I know of whose title deeds bear the signature of Queen Anne and not suggest an anglomaniac owner at all. I want such a home. It has long been one of my day-dreams, but I never knew how strong the feeling was until I saw England."

"I understand," said Grace softly; "I think that all Americans in whose veins runs English blood, no matter how far back the source, have the got home feeling when they reach England. It isn't disloyalty to America. It isn't anglomania; it is a birth-right, an inheritance from some forefather to whom England was the land of lands and who was content

*To see no other verdure than its own;
To feel no other breezes than are blown
Through its tall woods with high romances
blent:*

It is when this stirs us that our transatlantic dwellings seem so new and recent and we long for ivy-grown ancestral halls whose beginnings were far back in the centuries."

Dick was silent as they passed beneath the great Norman towers of the cathedral west front, up the nave and stood in the cool stillness of the transept. She had done a thing which was strange to him; she had voiced his inner consciousness and expressed with a simple eloquence what had been in him a shadowy, half-thought thought. Then began an afternoon which he never forgot. Grace had asked him to consider her as plunged in the darkest ignorance as to things archi-

tectural which he found to be far from true. Her keen intuitions and sympathetic interest spurred him on, and as he talked, leading her step by step through the history of his craft, he felt as he had not before the grand epic of man's struggle for the expression of his ideals in his architecture, and his lips found a fluency and a fashion of speech of which they had been almost unaware. He could paint with words, this man, and he marshalled the succeeding ages before the girl like some glittering pageant. From the hot sands of Egypt where slaves groaned, staggered, died under the lash to rear up stones which should forever commemorate Pharaohs whose names are now but uncouth sounds, down through the Athens of Pericles, the Rome of Augustus, and the Italy of Michael Angelo he swiftly passed to the growth and opening of the Gothic flower, where prince and peasant toiling side by side made fit their temples for the God of Christendom; with spoils from poetry, from history, and from the romance he made the past of England and of Ely glow with life, and now this old prior now that venerable bishop, gathered his ecclesiastical garments about him and stepped from out the centuries.

Grace noticed, but he not at all, the attentive little group of tourists which followed just behind as he led her from tomb to tomb and from chapel to cloister; they were again alone as they passed out into the close and at a distance he found for her a shaded, grassy seat where she might catch the glowing outlines of the cathedral as the sun sank behind it. From the ideals of other men came an easy transition to his own and confidences which he had kept locked almost from himself came forth uncheckered and unheeded. His hopes, his longings, his aspirations for his calling, for his old home in the South, and for his country.

They said little as they walked homeward. The spell was still upon him; its glow in his face had not subsided, but it no longer guided his lips. She, too, was silent with the one uppermost thought that such an enthusiasm as this must one day make the world richer and the human soul more pure.

III.

Stirling was with all his heart a marrying man and anticipated founding a home of his own when he should meet the "not

"impossible she" of his fancy. It was one of his most ennobling ideals. When he began his university life he had heard the eloquent president in an address to the freshmen bid them so to live that they might some day be worthy of a pure woman's companionship. Stirling did not need that counsel; he had done this; but the words were strength-giving. He had lived in that married future; he had built that future home again and again; he had prefigured as its sovereign lady a woman whose face and form were shadowy, but whose sweet graciousness and queenly spirit were to soothe and inspire his life. Like all youth who thus dream he ever watched for her coming and scrutinized woman after woman with the silent query, "Is it she?" With such a habit of thought it was but logical that the afternoon with Grace Lambert at the cathedral should have stirred him to the depths. He knew that he had found his helpmeet and he set out to win her with the zeal and adoration of a knight of old.

Ely developed a seemingly inexhaustible field for study, so Dick informed the wondering professor, and day after day Stirling felt called upon to share with Miss Lambert the fruits of his laborious research. John Lambert betook himself to Edinburgh and the English lakes and the professor continued immersed in his book-making, leaving Stirling and Grace in a blissful state of unchaperoned freedom to sketch, read poetry, and dream the dream of dreams.

There were some five weeks of this and Stirling was still in doubt as to Grace's real feeling toward him. She revealed so little of herself. Most of his knowledge of her came by inference and hearsay. Of her finely balanced mind, artistic talent, her nobility of character, he could judge, but what he knew of her aspirations and ideals came from her father. After being with her he always upbraided himself for his egotism; her belief in him exhilarated him and with the self-effacing tact of womankind she brought out now this point now that—even his good ones—and he never realized how he had talked and the cleverness with which she had made him do it until he was by himself. It was not a bad sign in Richard Stirling that he saw this at all; some men never do.

One July morning they ran up to Cambridge by an early train. There was an

intoxicating day of it among the quadrangles; Stirling as ever studious of his companion, she as ever baffling. He knew that she knew; she must know. Had he not told his love in every way save by open speech; and yet she gave no sign. It is a healthy epoch in human life, this season of hesitancy and doubt when the lover trembles on the verge, blind to all the favoring omens which all but he can read; it is good this humility, this contempt of self, whose repetition a lifetime may never see.

Late in the afternoon they sat among the choir stalls of King's College chapel silent for the most part with their surroundings. Stirling, fluctuating between hope and doubt, was conscious of a nervous tension which he felt could not long be endured. Grace, as if she read his mood, stirred uneasily and began to comment upon the stained glass and admire the vaulting; he with a petulance toward anything apart from the thoughts which filled his mind opposed her, spoke of the ugliness of the external pinnacles, and learnedly quoted Ruskin about "tables upside down." Some one entered the chapel by the South porch, stood for a moment beneath the rood-screen looking toward them, and then withdrew; Stirling, thinking that he recognized an old Harvard acquaintance, excused himself and followed him out.

Grace picked up Dick's sketch-book which lay beside her. It was without novelty for he had gone over its contents with her, but the recollection of his running comment and anecdote led her to turn idly its leaves. With the abruptness with which one's name will sometimes start out from a whole column or page of print she recognized among some grotesques and ornamental heads for string courses which Stirling had sketched at Oxford, a fanciful treatment of her own face. She smiled and closed the book. As she did so a loose leaflet fluttered out. It was a sketch in water colors entitled in neat lettering: "Design for Stained Glass Window." Among the tracery and leaded glass of a Gothic window Stirling had drawn her as she looked that day in June, enthroned upon the heap of glowing Oriental hues with the sunlight streaming through the purple clematis. He had caught the coloring successfully and the little portrait, enhanced by the quaint

leading of the glass, was exquisite. Underneath he had penciled: "For the chapel of St. Grace. I don't know as there is a Saint Grace in the calendar; if there is not there ought to be. Heaven bless her, how I love her. Her very guide books seem holy."

Her eyes filled with tears and with a swift impulse the girl pressed the words to her lips—a movement which the returning Stirling most opportunely saw.

Dick never could comprehend how he managed it, but one by one he persuaded them, Grace, the professor, and John, that England, an English summer, that English summer were the only fitting time and place for the marriage. So it fell out that a quiet little London church wit-

nessed a quiet little American wedding one September morning following which, quite contrary to custom, the bride and groom saw their guests take train while they remained behind for a Continental honeymoon. The Southampton special snatched Jack, the professor, and his completed book from sight and as the Stirlings' hansom rolled away from the Waterloo station toward their hotel Dick said:—

"I have not told you quite everything yet Grace. Do you remember my speaking of an estate on the Hudson, the one with the Queen Anne title deeds where I wanted to build my bishop's palace? You may begin to plan your home, dear, for that property is mine."

STARTING "THE BURNTWOOD BREEZE"

BY HAYDEN CARRUTH.

CHAPTER I.

IT was in the month of June some time in the early '80's, that a couple of young fellows, neither of them quite twenty-one yet, found themselves with a Dakota newspaper project on their hands. They were at the time in St. Paul, and their decision to leave that city to its fate and to go to the territory which was then attracting so much attention was brought about by what seemed to them a series of unfortunate and calamitous events.

In the first place the paper on which the older of the two was employed, *The Weekly Telephone*, had suspended publication, the proprietor, one Robinson, choosing the "brooding and thoughtful night" as the most propitious season at which to leave town, on account of various bills which he felt an unwillingness to pay, one of these being held by the aforesaid young man, Chester H. Boyd, for three weeks' salary as reporter, amounting to \$21. The other young fellow in question who bore the name of Harry W. Whipple, was a practical printer, (which Chester was not) and he, too, had lost his position in a job-office through the slackness of business. Latterly he had had a little work in the *Pioneer-Press* office as a sub-

stitute compositor, but it was all very unsatisfactory, and sometimes when the two boys met and talked over the situation they expressed regret that they ever left the little country town of Burr Oak where they had both been born and bred.

But as they didn't want to go back to Burr Oak, and there was no prospect of fate becoming kinder in St. Paul, what so natural as to penetrate Dakota and establish a country paper of their own? The territory at this time was supposed to be fairly yearning for newspapers, and fabulous tales of sudden riches acquired in the business floated in on every western breeze. "Everybody that's young or busted goes to Dakota," Chester had remarked, "and we're both, so there is a double reason why we should go."

Though in point of fact they were not quite "busted." Harry had \$150 in the savings bank, and this he agreed to take out, and put into the new project. Chester made a flying visit to Burr Oak and his father readily agreed to lend him an equal sum; and with \$300 they found that they could get an outfit, giving a mortgage on it for the balance.

Chester had a cousin in Dakota at the

little town of Two Lakes who had written that there was a new place called Burntwood, some thirty-five miles southwest of Two Lakes, which was loudly announcing its desire for a newspaper. Tom Mills (that was the cousin's name) thought the matter was worth investigating, and wrote Chester offering to take him over if he would come out. The only discouraging point was that a man from Iowa had agreed to come there and establish a paper, but he seemed extremely slow in making an appearance and Tom thought that it would be an easy matter to get in ahead of him, especially as the people were disgusted with his dilatoriness.

On getting this word' Chest' took the first train for Dakota. One apparently favorable feature of the outlook which he learned before starting was that the type founder with whom they had been negotiating had half of a second-hand outfit at another small town forty miles south of Burntwood, where a paper had given up the ghost, which could probably be taken overland at a considerable saving on freight charges.

It was about noon when the train bearing the ambitious Chester reached Two Lakes. He jumped off eagerly and found Tom on the platform. Tom was three or four years older than Chester, but they had known each other well before Tom had gone to Dakota the summer before.

"Got the horse ready?" asked Chester, as soon as their first greetings were over.

Tom laughed. "Fast as ever, aren't you, Chet?" It's too far to go this afternoon—we'll start in the morning."

"Couldn't we start now and stop somewhere to-night?" asked Chet anxiously.

"No place to stay—unless we camped out," replied Tom. "We'll start early in the morning and get there soon after noon."

"That'll do, I suppose," said Chet, rather doubtfully. "Only I was just thinking about that—that beggar from Iowa."

"I forgot about him," laughed Tom. "Well, he'll reach there on the train, I suppose, and the train gets there about seven o'clock at night. We couldn't get ahead of him for to-day's train anyhow, and by starting in the morning we can have several hours there before to-morrow's train arrives." Tom saw that Chet

was still a little anxious, so he added: "That Iowa man isn't going to drop into Burntwood out of a balloon, with his printing press under his arm."

Chet laughed at this and went with Tom over to his house. After dinner he told Chet that there was a man from Burntwood in town, and that he thought they had better see him. So they went to a neighboring grocery store and Tom introduced Chet to Mr. Perkins, the man in question. Mr. Perkins was seated on a salt barrel industriously whittling a stick.

"So you're a-thinking of going to Burntwood and starting of a paper, be you?" said Mr. Perkins, eying Chet closely.

"My partner and I have the matter under consideration," answered Chet. "You live there, I understand?"

"Live about two miles from there," returned the man. "Don't you know to find poor picking with a paper there?"

"Oh, we hope to make a living. My cousin tells me that the business men are anxious for a newspaper."

"Right you are, but there's a man coming from Iowy. An old and experienced man, so I hear tell. A



"He hasn't got there yet, has he?" asked Chet, nervously.

man what knows how and has got the money, so they say."

"He hasn't got there yet, has he?" said Chet, rather nervously.

"No-o," admitted Perkins, reluctantly.

"He ain't *there* yet, not exactly. But he's liable to pop in any minute, I reckon."

"Haven't the people of Burntwood been waiting for this Iowa man some time?"

"A right smart bit of a time, I calculate, and that's a fact. Two months anyhow. But they do say he's ready to pop in now any time."

"Don't you think if we get there first that we are entitled to the support of the business men?"

"Sartenly, if you get there fust. But he may pop any minute. You can't tell about these here Iowy men."

"Apparently you can't, if this one has been talking about coming for two months," answered Chet.

This seemed to please the man and he laughed. Then he said: "How big do you calculate to make this here paper of your'n?"

"We have been thinking about a four-page, seven-column paper."

"And how much a year do you 'low to hold it at?"

"Two dollars."

"Young man, that's robbery—reg'lar highway robbery. I get *The Chicago Weekly Spectator*, eight columns, twelve pages, for one dollar. And an ile painting, young man, an ile painting in five colors throwed in."

Chet was considerably taken aback by this unexpected onslaught. He looked at Tom but got no help. Then an idea flashed into his mind.

"Well, Mr. Perkins," he said, "that may all be, but see here: Suppose you raise the biggest pumpkin in Lac du Coteau County this season, as you very likely do, since Tom tells me you have a good farm, which paper do you suppose will say the most about it—the Chicago paper or ours?"

This was a new view of the matter to the man. He turned it over in his mind a moment and then exclaimed:—

"Why, young man, I reckon your'n would. I shouldn't look to see the Chicago paper make no *great* fuss over my punkin unless it got so big it crowded my house off'n the farm. I've got some likely punkins started, too, and if you're going to mention 'em next fall I reckon I'll have to have your paper if it is high-priced." He slid off the barrel, drew a silver-dollar from his pocket and placed

it in the hand of the astonished Chet.

"I'll try it six months anyhow—just put my name down on your list—Jefferson Perkins—old Jeff Perkins they call me mostly."

"But, Mr. Perkins," protested Chet, "the paper isn't started yet, and may never be. You'd better keep your money till we see."

"Oh, that's all right—if you don't start her you can refund. I know your cousin here—it's all right."

"Yes," said Tom, "if they don't start the paper you'll get your dollar back."

Chet thanked the man and walked out of the store on the air, almost. "Tom," he exclaimed, when they got outside, "I'm going to telegraph to Harry that we've got our first subscriber."

"Yes," said Tom, "good plan. It will only take seventy-five cents of the dollar. Telegraph him every subscription you get."

"Oh, well, I guess it will do well enough to write. But I *will* do that."

It was not long after sunrise the next morning when Tom and Chester got away for Burntwood. Tom's horse proved to be a good one, and they made excellent time. The prairie was more rolling, and part of the way their road lay through a range of coteaux, or low hills. They passed near two or three little lakes in the neighborhood of which Tom said antelopes were occasionally seen; but the only game they sighted were a number of jack-rabbits and prairie chickens, and Chet thought that one of these went off when disturbed about as rapidly as the other. They saw many buffalo skulls lying on the green prairie like great white ghost-heads of the departed animals. Beyond the coteaux and as they approached Burntwood, settlers' houses became more numerous, many of them built of sod, with grass and weeds growing cheerfully on the roof as if they were in a garden. At last, about one o'clock, they came over a little ridge and sighted Burntwood. Chet sat up on the edge of the seat and looked eagerly. Then he drew a long breath and said:—

"Well, it might be bigger, mightn't it, Tom?"

There were not, in fact, above twenty-five or thirty houses, huddled together along either side of one street. But Tom,

who had known better what to expect, said:—

"It's not a bad town for its age, Chet. You must remember that the first house was built this spring. Besides, every building you see represents some sort of a business establishment—the people haven't wasted any time yet on dwellings. Give Burntwood another six months to grow and you'll see what Perkins would call a right smart town."

"I suppose so," answered Chet doubtfully.

They drove on and soon entered the town. There was a sound of hammering and sawing on all sides, for many of the houses were not completed, and others were just starting. Scattered about on the prairie were a number of covered wagons and several tents.

Tom and Chet first went into the hotel, called the Poinsett House, and Tom inquired casually of the landlord if the man from Iowa who proposed starting a paper in Burntwood had arrived.

"Not yet," answered the landlord, and Chet drew a breath of relief. "And it's a shame, too. There's Eagle Tail up here, started the same time as this town but not more'n a third or three-quarters as big as this, and has had a paper for a month. That Iowa man seems to be asleep."

"Whom should we see to talk over the starting of a paper here?" went on Tom.

"Be you a paper man?" cried the landlord. "Well, now, you just want to see Judge Hollister. He's president of the Chamber of Commerce and he'll talk to you like a blue streak. Go right over there where you see that canvas sign, 'Law, Lands and Loans.'"

As they went out Chet could not help observing:—

"A Chamber of Commerce in a town of this size! who ever heard of such a thing?"

"Quite regular, I assure you," answered Tom. "All of these towns have one, or a Board of Trade, or something of that sort. Their duties are to boom the place by advertising it and getting settlers and new business enterprises to come."

The next moment they entered the office adorned by the canvas sign. Chet had expected to meet a grave, elderly and judicial man and was surprised to see a

young fellow apparently not more than four or five years older than himself, tall and good looking, and with red hair and a habit of doing two things at once. Tom introduced himself and then presented Chet. Hollister pressed his hand, cordially and after a little chat in which the judge somehow gave his visitors the impression that he had not yet altogether worn off his undergraduate exuberance, he said:—



Interviewing Judge Hollister.

"Now, about this Iowa man. His name is Dolph, Plutarch Dolph—have an idea he's the fellow who wrote the lives of all those old boys that we used to read. Well, Plutarch wrote that he was anxious to come out here and start a great moral sheet and make things hum. We wrote him to come on, and promised to advertise and subscribe and pat him on his classic back generally. He replied that he'd come, but the Chamber of Commerce, of which I have the honor to be the unworthy president, hasn't been able to put it's commercial thumb on him yet. He writes every week that he's on the point of coming, but he seems to be caught on the point somehow, and to be unable to get off. Old Jeff Perkins says he'll bet a pair of boots the man is in jail and waiting for his term to expire. Anyhow, we can't wait always, with this unspeakable town of Eagle Tail getting out a paper every week, and girding and jeering and hooting at us. Last week it said the rea-

son Burntwood hasn't a newspaper is that there is nobody here who can read. Imagine our feelings, Mr. Boyd, on perusing such a Damascus-blade cut as that!"

"Well," said Chet, rising and facing Judge Hollister and one or two others who had dropped in; "I am here and we are ready to issue a paper in this town just as soon as we can get the material. But, of course, if Mr. Dolph has any claim on the place then we can't come. We have no desire to crowd anybody out."

"Speaking as a private citizen," answered Hollister, "I should say that he has long ago forfeited his claim if, indeed, he ever had a valid one. I think the other business men will uphold me in that view of the case. But we can't do anything in this town without a public meeting. Gentlemen, we will apply the referendum. Jonas," he added, turning to a young man who was drawing up a legal paper, "Jonas, sound the loud timbrel!"

Jonas produced an immense steel triangle and an iron rod a foot long and, going outside the door, he beat the rod about inside the triangle and produced a loud sound something like a dozen bells ringing at once. People began to troop from all directions and crowd into the office.

"What!" whispered Chet to Tom, "have I got to address a public meeting?"

"Certainly."

"But I never did such a thing in my life. I can't do it. I'll break down if I try."

"No, you won't. Stand up and talk to 'em. It's your only hope."

By this time the room was filled, many of the men still carrying their tools, while others had pens behind their ears. A blacksmith had on his leather apron. All that the chairs would accommodate sat down, the rest ranged themselves around the walls. Chet saw Perkins among the others, evidently just arrived. He seemed like an old friend. When the room was full Judge Hollister rose and said:—

"Gentlemen, we have with us a journalist from the city of St. Paul. He is asso-

ciated in a business way with another gentleman, a practical printer and experienced publisher. They propose, if proper encouragement is offered, to come here and establish a newspaper. Now a word in regard to this Iowa man. Is it the sense of this meeting that he has any claim on us? [Loud cries of "Not much!" "He's no good!" etc., after which Perkins shouted, "He's got thirty days to serve yet!" which produced immoderate laughter]. Then, gentlemen, that being your unanimous decision, I take great pleasure in introducing to you Mr. Chester H. Boyd, of St. Paul."

Chet got to his feet somehow, though he doubted the ability of his legs to hold him after his doing so. His first half dozen words he couldn't hear, but gradually he improved, and before he knew it found himself going on all right. He soon even began to feel a sort of pleasure in it, and the words came so easily and accurately that he felt he was talking to the crowd better than he had talked to Hollister alone. He kept on for three or four minutes, answered a number of questions as to the size, price, and so forth, of his intended paper, and explained as fully as he could just what they hoped to do. Then he sat down and Hollister proposed that they accept his offer to establish a paper, and give it their support. This was agreed to. Some one said:—

"What's going to be the name of your paper?"

"*The Burntwood Breeze*," answered Chet.

"Good name," called half a dozen; then the meeting broke up.

Chet had some further conversation with several of the business men and found most of them agreeable and cordial, though he feared he could detect some distrust of his youth. In a short time Tom drove away, his intention being to spend the night at Eagle Tail and return home the next day. Chet secured a room at the hotel, and then went over to the railroad station and sent this despatch to Harry:—

Burntwood, June 14.

Everything satisfactory. Order outfit at once. Letter follows. C. H. B.

He had scarcely done so when the train came in. He stood on the platform as it





"There he goes now."

rolled away and the station agent said to him:—
“I see your material is beginning to arrive, Mr. Boyd.”

“What do you mean?” asked Chet.

The agent pointed to a pile of type cases, crated up, which had just been put out of the car. Chet stepped over and read on the label, “P. Dolph, Burntwood.” “No,” he said to the agent, “these things are not ours.”

“Oh, that's so,” said the agent, looking over his shoulder. Another man came along the platform and, looking at the agent, said:—

“Well, that Iowa man has got here. There he goes now,” and he pointed to a man walking across the square toward the town, carrying a big bundle under his arm. “That's the first issue of his paper already printed that he's got; and I heard him tell Sackett that he's going to get the next copy out right here on the ground in about a week.”

(To be Continued.)

ON THE INSIDE TRACK

BY MARION HILL

FROM one of the city's large Episcopal churches there poured into the street two streams of opposite going worshippers. In the lead was the youth of the congregation which in obedience to some mysterious natural law always manages to get out of a church half a block ahead of the serious minded. Wandering thoughtfully in the van of this second instalment, was Emmet Upton, a man who as years go was not old, yet who, consequent upon having begun to feel the weight of his years at eighteen, was not qualified to feel young now at two score. He walked with hat in hand, led by some unconscious instinct of reverence to keep his head uncovered just so long as the influence of the service remained vividly with him.

He had not proceeded many yards before he was accosted by a sleek haired young man who wore a most blatant air of being a non-worshipper, and who, moreover, gave one an elusive but quite refreshing impression that he was able to get along very well indeed without any spiritual aid. This young man was St. John Lemaitre, and in the face of his helpless, hopeless Americanism of mein, speech, and mode of thought it was very hard to account for his foreign patronymic.

“Have you been to church?” was his amazed salutation.

“Yes,” answered Upton, looking unfeignedly glad to see his young friend.

“Do you go every Sunday?”

“As a rule.”

“Have you no where else to go?”

Upton looked gravely into the clearly-cut young face, and finding no insolence there, answered seriously,—

“I go from choice;—and, duty.”

“The deuce you do! How very odd. Now, my church-going is of the semi-occasional, practically-never type. Once in a while I take in a howling revival or the latest freak in boy preachers, but only as a matter of business, to get a column or so out of them. This sort of thing is way out of my line.”

At “this sort of thing” he waved his hand in the direction of the church, and waved it deprecatingly.

“My action does not seem to meet with your approval,” suggested Upton, dryly.

“Oh, you are a good enough fellow, Emmet, I ought to know that if nobody else does, after all you have done for me,—but, well—why don't you spruce up, brush your clothes, and put on a festive air, even if it is Sunday?”

Upton laughed. It is a safe thing to do while one is thinking of how best to represent a personal remark.

“You wear the best of clothes, and yet you always look as if you had slept in them, and in your boots, and hair, and

"everything," proceeded St. John, critically.

"I seldom remove my hair," interposed the older man in semi-ferocious pleasantry.

"You know what I mean. I'm giving you valuable points. Has it never entered your seventeenth century mind that it is a great advantage to be as handsome as you are?"

"What makes you call it a seventeenth century mind?" asked Upton, quickly. He himself had always had private doubts about his mind; but a man who is careless about his dress likes to believe that to his friends the supremacy of his intellect is without question. Therefore there was real anxiety in his voice.

"Oh, I mean nothing derogatory by limiting it to the seventeenth century; it may be a thirtieth century mind, but it does not belong to this, I am sure."

"Why not?" persisted Upton.

St. John had the finest requisite of his profession, he could translate his thought quickly into speech; so he was able to answer definitely,—

"Because, for one thing you allow a youngster to talk to you as I am doing and yet you don't knock him down; because for another thing, you have a handsome face and don't use it as capital; you are forty and unmarried; you are unmarried and yet poor; you are gifted and are under the delusion that people will find it out without your telling them; you live by your pen and yet your name is never seen in print; you are given to freaks of generosity which hamper you terribly and you don't allow them to circulate to your credit. Does any one but myself know that you are supporting that lazy half-brother of yours and all his worthless family?"

"Are you coming around to my rooms to-night for a game of chess? or will it be another fortnight before I see you?"

"You are a cool hand at bluffing, aren't you? I may drop in to-night. Not sure. So long, then; since you won't let me continue the analysis of your character, so long."

"Good-morning, St. John," and they parted.

Upton was careful of his English! too careful. If he could ever have had even a faint idea of the number of budding

friendships he had nipped by responding to a jovial "hullo!" with a precise "how do you do?" he would have been less of a purist and more colloquial.

It is not good for man to live alone,—by that I take it that he should mingle as much as possible with his fellow men, otherwise he is apt to brood upon any disparaging remarks he may chance to hear about himself until they assume undue importance. Now, Upton lived a most wretchedly lonely life in two rooms in an unambitious lodging house; one room being lit by a lamp, the other by a skylight. The lamp, used only at night, was innocent and companionable; but the skylight, especially on long Sundays, played the devil with his moods. By the evening of this particular Sunday he had worked himself into the dangerous condition of wanting to talk about himself. After a good breakfast, now, no one ever dreams of being confidential; it is only as the hours pass and leave their slights with us,—some one has the paper when we want it; we find a stranger in our own particular seat at the restaurant; an enemy smiles when the car conductor returns our bad coin; a magazine refuses something of ours and prints a friend's palpably inferior article; our cuffs and socks come back from the wash in threes, or fives, or sevens, in anything but even numbers; as slight after slight falls and stings, we yearn to tell to some one that which we long ago began to doubt, that some day we intend to be famous and above all petty ills. Blank, who snubbed us to-day, in a few short months will be trying to fawn upon us at a reception given in our honor, and we will cut him, cut him dead. Ah, if we only did not feel in our hearts that Blank is no fool and knows well that he may snub us with impunity!

With a craving for companionship strong upon him, the lonely man awaited the coming of his young friend with more than ordinary impatience. St. John was necessary to his existence. He considered him a son by mental adoption. He had taken a fancy to him years ago when St. John had been merely a printer's devil in the office, a fancy which had grown into the warmest sort of attachment. Without envy, but with an unavoidable undercurrent of discouragement, Upton

contrasted St. John's quick progress with his own stationary mediocrity. St. John was the editor of the paper now, and possessed besides a proprietary interest in a great eastern publishing firm. Upton was where he had always been, where did the fault lie, if fault there was? This train of thought accounts for the first question, an unhealthy one, he asked of St. John when that young man finally sauntered in upon him.

"Why is it, St. John, that you make friends so much more readily than I? Why is it that you make so much the better impression upon strangers?"

Not suspecting an underlying morbidity in the question, fancying that Upton wanted to get at the ethical basis of the situation of things for possible literary reasons, young Lemaitre answered in his positive way, as if he had prepared the response hours in advance, "You are too sincere, I am afraid. I am well able to flatter wherever it might pay. You have a distressing austerity of mug which is apt to discourage the world at large, while I am wide-awake and pushing. But on the other hand, when you really do want to make friends, you show your hand too fully. I go about it as if I did not care a chip whether I am liked or not, and it works much better. Aren't we going to play chess?"

Upton nodded assent. He played his first few moves automatically, unable to detach his mind from the thoughts which haunted and baffled him.

"Tell me, St. John, what effect has failure upon you? Do you write in abasement of *self*, or do you merely lay the blame upon conditions, curse them, and go on undiscouraged?"

For the first time, St. John having no experience from which to draw, had no answer ready, so he obligingly considered the matter, but was forced to reply,—

"Can't really say. I don't think I ever fail."

"Never fail to satisfy yourself?" asked Upton, incredulously.

"Never," answered St. John, with conviction. "Speaking honestly, and not trying to be cynical, let me tell you,—my one aim in life is to please myself in everything. When you work to satisfy others, you at once handicap yourself with their likes and dislikes. Why should you?

Surely a man's own limitations are handicap enough! I speak for myself, write for myself, act, think, live for myself; and am never called upon to regret it. An absolutely untrammeled selfishness wins respect as surely as it wins success."

"Consideration for others," suggested Upton, gently.

"It is hard to tell where consideration for others and lack of self reliance differ."

"But the feelings of people," urged Upton.

"Oh, leave their feelings to themselves. They'll take care of them without your aid."

"I was speaking seriously."

"So was I."

"Then you pretend to mean all this?"

"Within reasonable bounds. If you should stop to consider that the oyster on your plate is probably half alive, you won't be able to swallow him, and the chances are that you will either go hungry, or take something else that you don't like so well. The same with people. If you are obliged to use them, use them unsentimentally. Go straight ahead, don't bother over emotional side issues, and things will right themselves."

"That sounds brutal, coming from a young fellow, Lemaitre; yet you are not heartless."

"Of course not. Who is, that has a fairly active brain and enough employment for it?"

"But your words are open to that objection."

"Maybe. All words are, which merely express such a thought without adorning it. Check. But I thought that you and I were beyond the necessity of embellishing our thoughts. Check again."

Upton was forced to put his entire attention upon the game. It took two hours or more to finish. Upton was a correct player, but cautious; while Lemaitre was quick and attacking, invariably refusing to retreat a threatened piece, when he could answer by putting one of Upton's pieces in jeopardy. He finally won. Upton allowed defeat to weigh heavily upon his mind.

"You play a strong game, a very strong game," he admitted, regretfully.

"I play to win," was Lemaitre's concise comment, "while you play to prevent be-

ing beaten. Do you see the difference? If you had checked my king the time that you retreated your queen, we would have been playing yet."

Upton noticed that he did not say "you would have won the game," and he felt an added sense of depression. He threw himself into an easy-chair, and a weary look came into his handsome, anxious face.

"St. John, I am afraid I am a failure."

"In chess?"

"In all things."

St. John, quite used to these friendly outbursts, smoked in silence and awaited particulars.

"I feel, I know that the pen is the only tool that I can wield with success, yet what have I ever done with it?"

Silence.

"What have I ever done with it?" iterated Upton.

"Maybe you have done too much, eh? Verses when you felt abused, essays when you felt learned, short stories when you felt literary, newspaper articles when you felt hungry, and probably a score of half-finished or half-begun novels lying about written when you felt a thirst for fame. That is somewhat on my plan of action, and it will swamp me yet. You would do better to stick to one thing until you got out a sort of tacit patent on it, then everybody makes way for you."

Upton, knowing in his heart that he had been working faithfully upon one thing,—a something which he hoped would bring him the success of his life,—here stood aghast at the injustice of the criticism, and then made a terrible mistake. He became confidential.

"Let me tell you an idea of mine," he said, eagerly.

"All right," agreed St. John, "let's have it."

"I have often thought of how admirably adapted to a literary setting is a game of chess."

"Worn threadbare. Most completely played out."

"Oh, no," cried Upton, "not as I would treat it!"

"Go ahead."

"In *vers de society* and in novels we are tired of it,—hero and heroine 'checkmated by each others' eyes,'—we have had too much of it. But think of how powerful it

would be as a political satire; what a drama it would make."

"A play," mused St. John, contracting his eyes to slits to show that he was taking an interest.

"Yes. The two political parties of course would be represented by the kings, and think of how readily the peculiar impotence of the king's move lends itself to satire. Then the power of the queen,—how neatly and how pointedly it could be worked in; again, take the bishop, which needs to be backed up by the queen, and demonstrate symbolically how the power of the church is in the devotion of its women—"

Here St. John roared with mirth.

"What is the matter?" asked Upton, anxiously. "Don't you think it is practicable?"

"Oh, maybe; I was laughing though at your bald way of putting things. Go on."

"The castles might stand for the party platforms, and the pawns to voice the opinions of the people like the chorus in the Greek tragedies. For, of course, such a drama could never be acted, it would have to stand alone as an uniquely strong bit of literary satire. If such a conception could be vigorously realized, do you not think it would bring name and fame to its author?"

"Well, it might; but not just in that shape."

"What alterations would you make?" asked Upton, excitedly.

"Oh, I don't know. I must think, George! It is nearly midnight, and I ought to be at the office finishing some work. Good-night, Emmet."

"Wait a moment," said Upton, flinging open his desk, and rummaging wildly among his papers. "Here is something I would like you to look at when you have the time." He thrust a ton, more or less, of closely written manuscript into St. John's hands, and then stood looking at him as if he already regretted the act.

"What is this?" asked St. John, in amazement.

"What we have been talking about,—my idea,—it is in some sort of shape you see."

"Yes, I see. There seems to be a great deal of it."

"It has taken many years to write. It is the work of my life."

"Oh, then you give it to me as the editor, I suppose? To see if anything can be done with it, eh?"

"Yes; I suppose so."

"All right; I'll take it along. Good-night, again."

"Good-night." When left alone, Upton fell into his chair, and sat up half the night in an ecstasy of hopeful visions. St. John was his dearest friend, as well as "the editor," and therefore the manuscript had a double chance of receiving attention. Unsanguine as he was by nature yet he could not forbear from following his work along an imaginary track to great success. Why should it not be successful? It was his best. He could do no better. He could write no truer. Why should he fear to acknowledge his hopes to himself?

St. John conscientiously read the bulky manuscript all through. He found it to be a long, unwieldy drama in blank verse, cutting and clever in spots; but didactic where it should have been sarcastic, and philosophic where it should have been witty. Still, there was a grand hopefulness of originality about it.

Now, to Lemaitre's essentially nineteenth mind the idea presented itself differently, and throwing Upton's manuscript aside he worked out his own characteristic lines. He decided that the most taking form would be a spectacular burlesque interspersed with topical songs. The "Greek chorus" he would discard utterly in favor of a well costumed "pawn ballet" a novelty, with a world of strength in its legs. His American humor warmed at the idea of the bishops doing the low comedy business and singing the most telling songs. The white queen should be staked against the black king; armored knights on real horses should provide the romance. He would make a gorgeous Christmas spectacle of it, and would allow the political element to intrude only enough to give an impudent piquancy to his plot. The villain, the black king, could be picturesquely cornered by the two white knights, and finally checkmated by a white pawn. He thought the white pawn would make a good *ingenue* part. The cast could include the thirty-two pieces in full. He pictured the stage set with striking characters, new situations, and brilliant, uncheck-

neyed costumes, and his imagination taking fire, he set himself to work, and before morning had completed two acts out of the five,—songs, marches, everything.

To come to the end of the story, it was not long before the burlesque was finished, and in the hands of a theatrical manager. Pending its rehearsal, Lemaitre was in a state of great excitement, but he confided his dramatic venture to no one. He honestly forgot all about Upton's manuscript, and all about Upton, too. They rarely met.

At the end of two months, immense posters appeared about town: "GRAND SPECTACULAR PRODUCTION entitled THE WHITE QUEEN. UNRIVALLED ATTRACTION for CHRISTMAS WEEK," but St. John still withheld his name for precautionary reasons. If it failed, he wanted to be free from disgrace, if it succeeded, what was easier than declaring himself?

The morning preceding the opening night of the piece, he chanced to meet Upton upon the street, and greeted him with sincere cordiality. "Hullo, Emmet, old boy! Don't speak to me. Haven't a moment. But here's a pass for the theatre to-night. Want you particularly to go. You'll know why when you get there. And you'll recognize a thing or two. I'm off."

Emmet went; he knew why when he got there; and he recognized a thing or two. The extravaganza met with shouts of applause. The songs took, the ballets and marches were vigorously encored. Finally when the audience became sated with the light and color and movement, it realized the wonderful cleverness of the writing and raised a howl for the author. St. John was induced to step before the footlights and his brightly triumphant young face called forth prolonged applause and cheers. He was reluctantly allowed to retire, and was carried first to a champagne supper, ultimately to the country mansion house of one of his relieved and consequently fervently admiring backers.

The papers praised him and his brilliant burlesque, too, at length, and the street populace whistled and sung his songs to the echo.

Emmet Upton after two days or so of

lonely and bewildered rumination, at last dropped into the club to get away from his almost heart-breaking thoughts. His occupation was gone, his dreams were ended. He now had nothing to keep him at "home." But, unfortunately, at the club the members were still chanting St. John's praises.

"Such a brilliant young fellow! Now, his is a future for you! A friend of yours, too, isn't he, Upton? By Jove! where did he get his originality from?"

"He is not original!" cried Upton.

"What's that?" asked the man, blankly.

Upton miserably held his peace. After all where indeed was there any likeness between that wonderful medley of St. John's and his own ponderous poem?

"Funny idea," went on the first speaker, "funny idea, wasn't it, to apply the peculiarity of the king's move to the re-

stricted action of our most honorable party leaders! Bright, by Jove!"

Here Upton laughed a loud, sarcastic laugh. The men looked at him oddly and began to leave him out of the conversation. That conversation had but one theme. "No one but young Lemaitre could have originated such ideas, he was full of odd conceits, he was bound to succeed, he knew the value of getting on the inside track."

Here Upton rose to go, to get anywhere, so long as he got there quickly.

"Oh, yes," he said. "Lemaitre fully knows the value of getting on the inside track, but Heaven help those whom he pushes to the wall, I say!"

With that, he left; and several men looked after him, with grave disapproval, a few contemptuously. Jealousy between writers, when it becomes noticeable, is such wretchedly poor taste.

O BABY EYES

O baby eyes,
With look so quaint and far away,
With mystery and wisdom blent,
Peering into the dawning day,
With sunrise look of sweet content,
As one who has love's intuition;
O baby eyes!

O aged eyes,
With look so calm and far away,
With ignorance and knowledge blent,
Gazing into the twilight grey,
With sunset look of sweet content,
As one who sees love's full fruition,
O aged eyes!

D. Milton Riley.



The Hall and Stairway of the Ladies' Literary Club-House of Grand Rapids, Michigan.

WOMEN IN FINANCE

BY *ELLEN M. HENROTIN.*

[President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs.]

THE key-note of the re-adjustment of woman's position with the present day civilization is really a financial one. Life was comparatively a simple thing when the law recognized but one responsible head of the family with arbitrary power over its goods and chattels, and yet during that period all the trades and professions which underlie the home were carried on by women. At the same time the position of a married or an unmarried woman in the household was that of a dependent. She was expected to marry and failing in that, the family had a right to her services without remuneration. Under this primitive system, the family was really presided over by the father. It had the advantage of being beautifully simple, no one conversant with the social life of England and this country forty years ago, but who will perceive the truth of it. Women, in many cases, the active partner, had absolutely no financial independence. Fifty or sixty years ago the young women of the day

were employed in the household trades, some few taught school; some few went out as seamstresses and dress-makers and their wages were largely appropriated by the family to help the boys through college or for current expenses; only a widow, and she in a very limited sense, ever thought of finance or commerce, and no consideration was ever given to women as investors, or as factors in the economic condition. Within the last thirty years, public opinion and the laggard that always halts behind it, the law, has practically revolutionized the financial standing of women. The constant tendency of modern legislation is to make of the family a partnership and the laws relating to the property of married women have been so modified and liberalized, that they are approximately just, but are of so recent enactment that the ethical responsibility as to the making, managing and spending of money, is not yet developed among women; but no more potent sign of the times could be cited than the fact that

woman is now attracting the attention of the financial world, and that her large property interests cause her to be sought as an investor in all lines of what is known in France as *la haute finance*, as banking, insurance, real estate, stocks, etc.

The largest amount of money invested by women is undoubtedly in real estate and mortgages on real estate. The amount thus invested is probably in the aggregate of \$150,000,000. In some of the large eastern cities, like New Haven, Hartford, Providence, Boston, which are centers of capital, the amount of property held by women in their own name, or in trust for minors, is enormous, and it is usually the best paying property of the city. It is impossible to estimate the amount of land in the farming communities held by women. There is a tendency, especially in the extreme east, to put farms in the name of women, as they do not sell as easily as men do, and thus hold estates together. Women are so conservative that it is very difficult for them to decide to sell anything they once own.

Not only are women holders of immense amounts of money by inheritance, but also by the amounts which they earn. It is estimated there are six thousand women in the country who act as postmistresses. In the Treasury department at Washington are fourteen hundred women. The average weekly wages of working women in America is \$5.24, the highest being at San Francisco, \$6.91, and the lowest at Atlanta, Georgia, \$4.05. There are over three million earning independent incomes in the United States, and the number of women who have independent incomes by inheritance or by gift, is very large.

Miss Grace Dodge reported some time ago that there are two thousand, four

hundred and eighteen members in the clubs forming the New York Federation of Working Girls Clubs. The average earnings are \$5 a week, thus this New York Federation represents \$628,680 a year. Then the great army of stenographers and typewriters, whose wages range from six to eighteen dollars per week; of librarians who receive from thirty to one hundred dollars a month. It would be very difficult to give an estimate of the financial status of women teachers in the United States. The ordinary pay for a trained kindergartner is about \$50 a month, but in some cities seventy-five or one hundred would be demanded by a skilled kindergartner. In the report of the commissioner of education, women receive an average salary as teachers of \$38.46 a month. Women teachers in Massachusetts receive an average per month of \$48.10, while in Nevada, the women teachers receive an average per month of \$63.78. It is difficult to form an estimate from such varying standards. There are approximately three hundred thousand teachers in the United States. In the higher universities and colleges, there are very few women professors. The University of Chicago has six women to one hundred and forty male professors. The proportion of male and female professors in colleges and universities in California is as twenty-six hundred and fifty four to twenty-six. No statistics of salaries paid can be obtained from the authorities of universities or private institutions. I am indebted for this information as regards the teaching profession to Miss Cordelia Kirkland, who read a most interesting address at the last biennial on the financial condition of women teach-



Mrs. Ellen M. Henrotin.

ers. Women book-keepers, who are recognized to be more reliable than men, receive about two-thirds of the salary paid to men. Women in medicine make fairly good incomes, many of them quite large ones. Dr. Ella M. S. Marble, of Washington, reports that during 1881, seventy-six women physicians reported an average income of \$3,000, the highest average of any class of workers. Of one hundred and eighty-three women only eleven had failed to become self-supporting in the medical profession after two years practice.

Enormous sums are paid in household service to women, who have had until the last ten years the monopoly of this service in the country. The average wage of the domestic employe is about \$3 per week.

From the reports of recent investigation in Building and Loan associations, it has been found that twenty-five per cent. of the building and loan shares of stock in the eastern and middle western states are owned by women; in New Jersey every fourth shareholder is a woman and the present value of the shares held by women in New Jersey is \$6,401,593. By "present value" is meant dues paid in together with accrued profits. In New York state thirty-two thousand six hundred and

ninety-nine hold two hundred and sixty-one thousand seven hundred and eighty-four shares of stock, having a present value of \$5,935,554 and a maturity value of approximately \$25,000,000. In the city of Philadelphia thirty-four thousand four hundred women hold stock valued at \$10,059,861 while the stock matured and withdrawn either in money or in cancelled mortgages equals \$15,000,000 within the past maturing period of eight years.

In the state of Pennsylvania \$22,200,000 of building and loan stock is held by ninety-two thousand women. Of the \$960,000,000 representing the net assets of building and loan associations in the United States, \$192,000,000 worth is held by two million four hundred thousand women. The source from whence dues paid on shares held by women comes, is one that cannot be answered in a comprehensive way. One association in New York City, visited by the agent of the Department of Labor had sixty-three chambermaids among its membership, each earning the money invested. In a Teachers Building & Loan Association in New York City ninety per cent. of the members were women earning their own money. Buildings and Loan Associations are a favorite mode of investment for working women.

The comptroller of the currency, Mr. James H. Eckles sent out to the national banks a request to furnish him with a list of women holding bank stock, and he has most courteously given me a copy of



The Parlor of the new Century Club of Philadelphia.

the result of this investigation. It is an interesting point that the large amount of stock in banks owned by women does not come to them as a reward of their own labor but is inherited or the gift of some connection. The number of shares owned by women of national bank stock in the United States is \$1,703,759, the par value of these shares is \$130,681,485. The report of the state and private banks is about the same, perhaps a little larger. I have not the exact figures, but if my memory serves me the par value of shares owned by women in state and private banks is about \$156,00,000.

All these statistics represent the individual and her investments.

One of the most suggestive lines of development for woman in the woman's

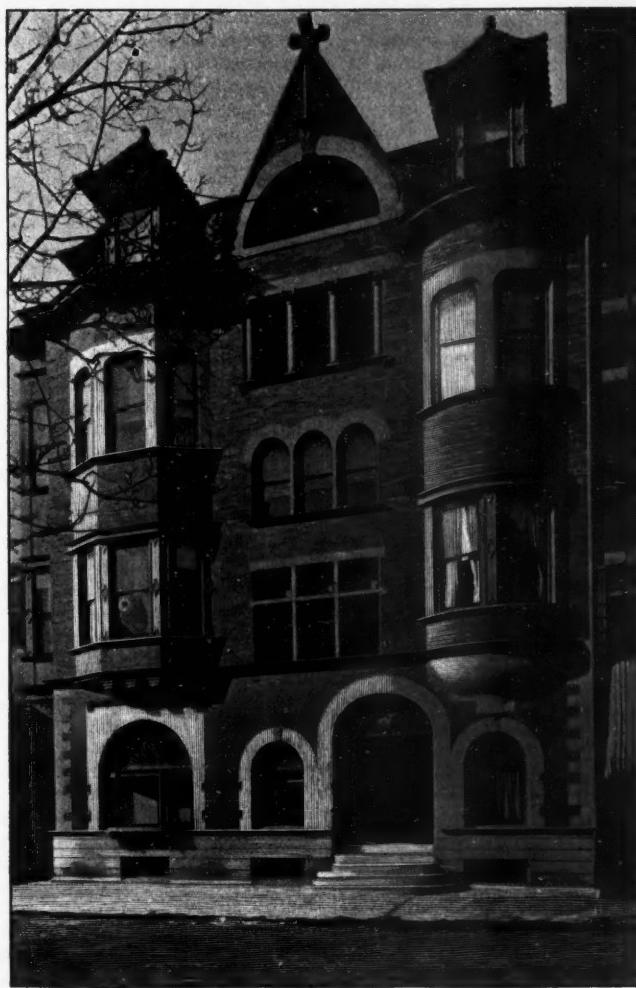
sand shares of \$50 each, only members of the New Century Club could purchase the stock. In the first month \$14,000 of this stock was subscribed for. In March of 1891 the property upon which the club house was built was purchased for \$40,000, \$5,000 cash and \$35,000 remaining as ground rent. In January of 1892, the New Century Club took possession of its new home and now the company turned its attention to the duty of maintenance; a rental committee was named and a schedule of prices was arranged, ranging from the sum of \$25 for a morning lecture to \$80, the accommodation and service required at a ball. The income thus obtained, added to the rental paid by the New Century Club, has enabled the company to meet all its obligations, including heating, light, attendance, taxes, etc., and to declare a yearly dividend of five per cent. on the amount of stock issued. A sum has also been set apart as a contingent fund. No intoxicating beverage can be sold or served on the premises, and the club has maintained the decorum, essential to its dignity and usefulness. A few doors above the club house a woman of experience and ability opened a restaurant, catering chiefly to women. I am indebted to Mrs. W. F. Litch of Philadelphia for the main facts in this history of the financial success of an association of women.

At the last biennial in Louisville, Mrs. Cyrus D. Perkins of Grand Rapids, gave an account of the club house at Grand Rapids. Mrs. Perkins said: "We were a club of over two hundred members with annual dues of two dollars. The personal property consisted of about eight hundred dollars, two hundred folding chairs, some yellow shades and a red carpet. The club had \$1,500 to its credit in the bank and an unlimited amount of enthusiasm. For nearly seventeen years we had been wandering upon the face of the earth. The number of meetings held by the building committee; the number of plans devised and rejected; the heights to which our fancy carried us and the depths to which we fell will ever remain unwritten in history, but from these meetings we came forth with a look of determination on our faces and a subscription book in our hands. It seemed the best way and the result so proved it, for then we called



The Club-House of the Ladies' Literary Club of Grand Rapids, Michigan.

club movement has been that of finance. The financial management of large clubs is important and has educated many women to a broader view of financial conditions and in the ethical questions involved, in handling the money of others. Many of the clubs represent large incomes but especially have the club women been successful in the formation of stock companies to build club houses. The New Century Club of Philadelphia is a good example. It is incorporated under the laws of Pennsylvania and so was unable to lawfully engage in building operation, so a company was organized which applied for a charter and a constitution was framed. By forming this company, the New Century was enabled to build the club house. The capital stock was fixed at \$50,000 and it is divided into one thou-



The new Century Club of Philadelphia, a recent remarkable example of women's work in finance.

upon our dear friends among the business men. I think it is one of the most interesting things in the world to note the effect that a subscription paper seems to have upon the person carrying it. It seems to produce an unusual cordiality of manner; an increased interest in the health of others, and in fact opens the heart, inspires an anxiety in the welfare of one's friends and broadens the whole horizon." To make a long and very witty story short, the club raised \$6,000 without

much trouble, Mrs. Perkins remarking with marvellous insight: "The strongest opposition coming from a few of the wealthiest women in the club." There were two \$300 subscriptions, four \$100, down to 75 cents. A lot seventy-five feet front was bought on a residence street and six months after the committee had been appointed, the corner-stone was laid, and six months after the club house was open to the public. The building cost \$8,000 and the lot \$3,500. The hall seats

four to five hundred people and the acoustic properties are splendid. The club now has five hundred members, initiation fee \$5; annual dues \$3. This gives them an income of nearly \$1,600. The rentals average about \$300. The club has purchased the adjoining lot in order to secure light and paid \$9,000 for the lot and sold half of it for the same price which they paid, retaining the other half as club property. One feature of the Ladies Literary Club, is a society known as the Auxiliary Society, composed of the three hundred members on the waiting list, as the membership is limited to five hundred.

Grand Rapids has another club house, devoted entirely to music, erected by women, the St. Cecelia Temple. Mrs. Uhl, wife of the ex-Emassador to Germany, was a member of the St. Cecelia Society and the erection of the St. Cecelia Temple is largely owing to her interest and zeal. This building costs the society, furnishings and all, \$53,000, of which \$35,000 was borrowed, secured by mortgage. The building is beautifully adapted for its needs. The Club House of the Ladies Literary Association is now valued between sixteen and twenty thousand dollars. The Auxiliary Society of this club elect their own officers, except that the presiding officer is the vice-president of the club. The members have the privilege of the study classes and the library but cannot attend the literary meetings as the club house is not large enough to accommodate them. They pay an annual due of \$2. The club house is open every day until six o'clock, and the auditorium is rented for evening entertainments with a charge of ten to twelve dollars.

Mrs. C. P. Bourland of Peoria, at the same Biennial gave an account of the building of the club house of the Peoria Woman's Club. A stock company was formed under the name of the Woman's Club Building Association, and the shares placed at \$10 each. In a few months \$25,000 worth of stock had been taken and a lot purchased sixty-five by one hundred and twenty-five feet, in the residence portion of the city. The club house includes a hall, with adequate stage and proper acoustics, besides the club rooms and their accessories. To build this music hall or auditorium, the company issued

and sold bonds of \$500 each, amounting to \$5,000. In the spring of 1893 the cornerstone was laid, and in December of that year the club held its first reception. The music hall seats nearly six hundred. The rentals form a substantial portion of the year's revenue of the club. In the eight months of the club year, from September to April, the club realized \$427 from the rent of the music hall, and \$658 from the rent of the club rooms. The Woman's Club of Peoria is a beautiful building but there are very few clubs who could afford with so small a membership to build so beautiful a club house. To Mrs. Bourland, the president, is largely due the honor of having successfully inaugurated and carried out this great financial undertaking.

One of the interesting clubs in the general federation is the Woman's Board of Trade of Sante Fe, New Mexico, which is incorporated under the laws of the territory of New Mexico, April 3rd, 1893, and was incorporated for the purpose of establishing a systematized plan of work for the general good of the city of Sante Fe and vicinity. The membership at present is thirty-two and the entrance fee \$1 and fine of ten cents for non-attendance at meetings. Its means of support, as inventoried in the report of the club, is an appropriation from the city council, ranging from \$200 to \$600, known as the "Plaza Fund," and is for the support of the public park, which is under the management of the association. The departments of this association are finance, library, visiting and relief, intelligence, improvement, industrial house and repair, woman's exchange, etc. For the support of the library, there is a contribution box, and book receptions are held in the library rooms on an evening when the library is not open to the public, the admission being a book. The board brings to the city concert troupes and lecturers en route to the Pacific coast, thereby giving the public a musical and literary treat and adding to the funds of the treasury. The name "Board of Trade" was selected as it enabled the ladies to engage in all sorts of work.

The educational effect of the financial management of large clubs is apparent on the officers and members. All the clubs when first organized found the greatest

difficulty in securing a sufficiently large membership fee to carry on the work of the clubs, but the older and larger clubs find that difficulty has vanished because the members have been educated to spend money and to spend it impersonally. The opposition towards increasing membership dues usually comes from the woman who finds it comparatively easy to pay ten, twelve or fifteen dollars for a bonnet, but who considers five dollars annual dues a very heavy tax. Women are accustomed to spend large amounts of money for their families and on themselves but to spend money for an indirect good, is difficult. They are rapidly passing, however, out from this phase and the women's clubs are in splendid financial condition and very conservatively managed.

There are several phases of woman's

financial development in connection with the club movement which are interesting, such as the lunch clubs, Noon-day Rests, Holliday Homes, Girls Mutual Benefit Clubs, etc., but the length of this paper precludes a detailed account of such organizations, though they are very suggestive as a solution of the problem of co-operation among working women.

John Morley, in his life of Voltaire, speaks of Voltaire's manner of spending his great fortune and says "that the way in which a man spends his money, as well as makes it, 'is an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace,' " and I think this applies especially to women who, through the women's clubs, and kindred associations, are being rapidly educated to their ethical responsibilities as money makers and money spenders.

AS WE FIND IT

Humor.—Platitudes intoxicated.

Wit.—The reply you didn't think of in time.

Slang.—Idioms gone mad.

Luck.—The good the other fellow has earned.

Ill-luck.—A fool's excuse.

Life.—The unknown quantity in the human equation.

Death.—Something that begins with life and ends with it.

Fate.—The marriages of one's ancestors.

Winthrop Packard.



Oliver Optic's permanent residence, Dorchester, Massachusetts, from 1843 to his death.

OLIVER OPTIC

BY J. A. MACPHERSON.

IT is an admitted and wise axiom that there is no rule without an exception; but, it is wisdom to bear in mind and follow the rule invariably till the exception reminds one it's around.

The world has realized, through its marvellous changes, that "the pen is mightier than the sword," and that "the power of the press"—despite the vagaries of an occasional light-headed, or a stray, ill-conditioned, reporter—awes the tyrant of a monarchy and confounds the counsels of a wicked republic. It brings their folly and machinations before the world's tribunal, and that tribunal brings them to reason. It also reveals the fact that, generally speaking, novelists and poets are poor newspaper correspondents and interviewers; and that good newspaper men do not develop into novelists and poets. Both arts require distinctive abilities and methods. We do not include that vast army of ephemeral and puerile

tale writers and versifiers of wayback weeklies and flippant dailies, who would be better employed in learning and working at some useful handicraft for the betterment of the world in general, or attending to, instead of neglecting, the ordinary duties of life. We have in mind only the masters in the art.

There is greater responsibility attached to the work of a littérateur than the average reader is aware of, because he does not think about the matter; therefore, we would remind those who contemplate entering the field of literature that the profession may have its pleasures, but that it has its hard work for years and years, even after a severe preparation. The genius can tell you that as well as the mediocrity writer. George Eliot, the daughter of a small farmer, did not rise to the position of sustained merit till her fortieth year, when she gave "Adam Bede" to the world. William T. Adams, al-

though a genius from youth in composition, did not arrive to the height of lasting fame without much patience and strenuous physical and mental labor. Even then, when his works had become popular, Massachusetts refused to find a niche on the groaning shelves of her libraries for them. It took some time to overcome the puritanical prejudices concerning the probabilities in some of his narratives. She had lost sight of his mission for amusing and interesting youth, and could not see that through it all he gave valuable instruction. His composition was far superior to the ordinary writers of fiction for youth, and his preparation for each work in hand was zealously conscientious; but it was not until they were convinced that a novelist was not an historian that this silly notion was abandoned.

A celebrated writer of the eighteenth century stated that he was indebted to Shakespeare for all the knowledge of history he possessed, and this, no doubt, is the misfortune of too many in our own day (in spite of the valuable assistance rendered by excellent newspapers and magazines) whose opportunities for serious study is so limited that, if they read a so-called historical novel, play, or poem, it tended to retouch, so to speak, the erroneous impressions made in school days. So realistic are Shakespeare's characters that many of his admirers never doubt but that "Henry the Fifth," "Macbeth," "Richard the Third," etc., are historically correct. They do not realize the fact that the object of the great dramatist was to write a good play; he consulted the ordinary sources of information; and it was not his province to examine them as to their accuracy. Provided they furnished him with materials for effect he was content; he was a dramatic poet, not an historian.

So it was with "Oliver Optic." His natural mental gifts—imagination, observation and description—combined with his literary acquirements, assisted by his numerous travels, which were all undertaken as a part of the preparation for his publications, enabled him to produce such graphic sketches of incidents, scenes, and countries, both interesting and instructive, that might in the future prove serviceable to his youthful admirers. Of

course, no one is more alive to the fact than the writer, that his heroes were frequently made to do seemingly impossible things, but the carping critic must not ignore another fact, that those deeds were wrought with good motives, and that a work of fiction is not a history. What young father is there who was fortunately entertained in his youth with such captivating stories will deny them to his children? For all our author's heroes were good boys, and no vicious charm was thrown around the character of his villains. He supplied, with credit, both to his ability and honesty of purpose, what was requisite for the delectation of his youthful admirers.

We do not scruple to place certain prose gems into the hands of our children, such as "Robinson Crusoe," "Pilgrim's Progress," "Arabian Nights," etc., knowing all the time that these charming creations are unhealthy food for such youthful minds. If a literary stimulus is necessary for childhood and youth, why not give them that which is most natural, which is, or will be, nearer to their daily experience? and out of the one hundred and twenty-five books bearing on their title pages the magic name of "Oliver Optic," there is not one that we should hesitate to place in the hands of any child; for no writer ever lived and worked for posterity with a purer mind, higher motive, and greater singleness of heart than William T. Adams.

William Taylor Adams, son of Laban and Catherine (Johnson) Adams, was born July 20th, 1822. At this date Laban Adams was landlord of the Village Hotel, Medway (where William T. first saw daylight) and of the Washington Coffee House, near Milk Street, Boston, and the year of the birth of our author he also kept the famous old "Lamb Tavern," which was erected in 1745 upon the site of the present Adams House on Washington Street. Here the boy lived most of his time, helping his father and attending the Adams Grammar School, then situated on Mason Street, and later at Amos Baker's private school at the head of Harvard Place.

In 1838 the elder Adams leased the "Lamb Tavern," and moved, with his family, to a farm in West Roxbury, where his son William T. had to work like an or-



*William T. Adams
Oliver Optic*

dinary laborer, and a very conscientious assistant he was all these working months. During this period he assiduously employed his spare time, which was little enough, in keeping up his studies, so that when he returned to school in the coming winter he would not be found running behind. His anxiety for proficiency in learning also obliged him to exert himself still during his attendance at school in these winter months. His diligence was carried to such an extent that it obliged him to sit up the best part of the night in a cold room with mittens on, and it was with the utmost difficulty he kept his blood in circulation. But what

was his reward for this persistent courage in overcoming what could not well be avoided? He led his class in almost all the studies, and especially triumphed in composition. His first effort covered eight letter-pages, and the schoolmaster pronounced it the best composition he had ever looked over; the second covered twenty-five pages; and the third, eighty.

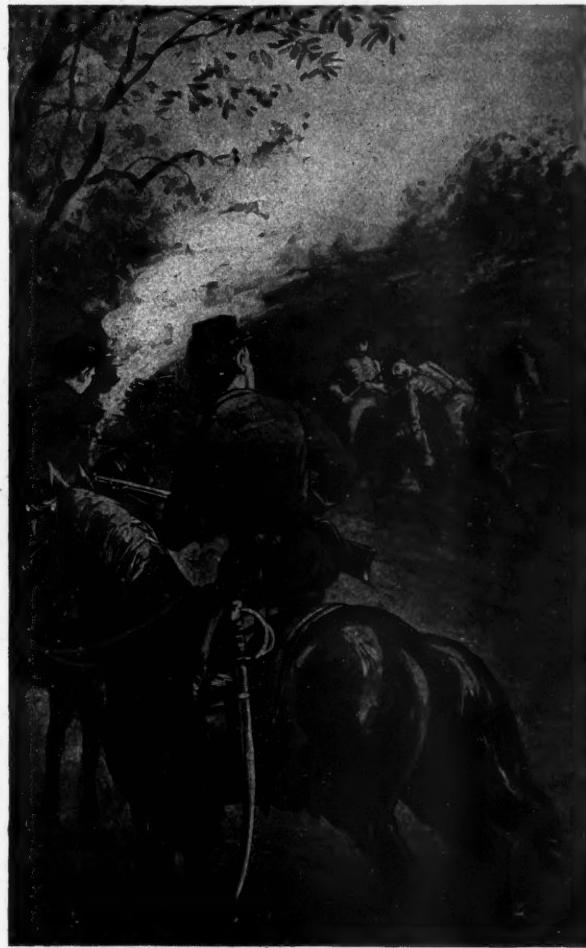
It is only such self-denial of ease and comfort in youth that enables a young man to mount the first rung on the ladder of success. Often in his latter years he used to recount and laugh at the hardships of his younger days; but he always sententiously added, that, "the assistance I had to render my father necessitated such hardships if I desired to succeed and become a teacher, and I have been many times thankful for the training, for if a youth does not injure himself to hard work he will make a sorry man."

In this same school, when he was about eighteen years of age, he was appointed as an assistant teacher, without pay, for a short while. His parents were so pleased with their son's achievements in learning, they decided that he should continue studying under a private tutor till he was twenty. Then he taught for a month, as a substitute in a school at Dorchester, known as Harris Grammar school, where, in 1843, he was appointed principal of the school, which position he retained for three years.

Subsequently he took a vacation and travelled throughout the Northern and Southern States, diligently enlarging his views of life and storing his well-trained mind, and his note-book, with valuable information, some of which was made good use of in his "Hatchie, the Guardian Slave," whose scenes are laid in New Orleans and on the Mississippi. Upon his return from these scenes of pleasure and

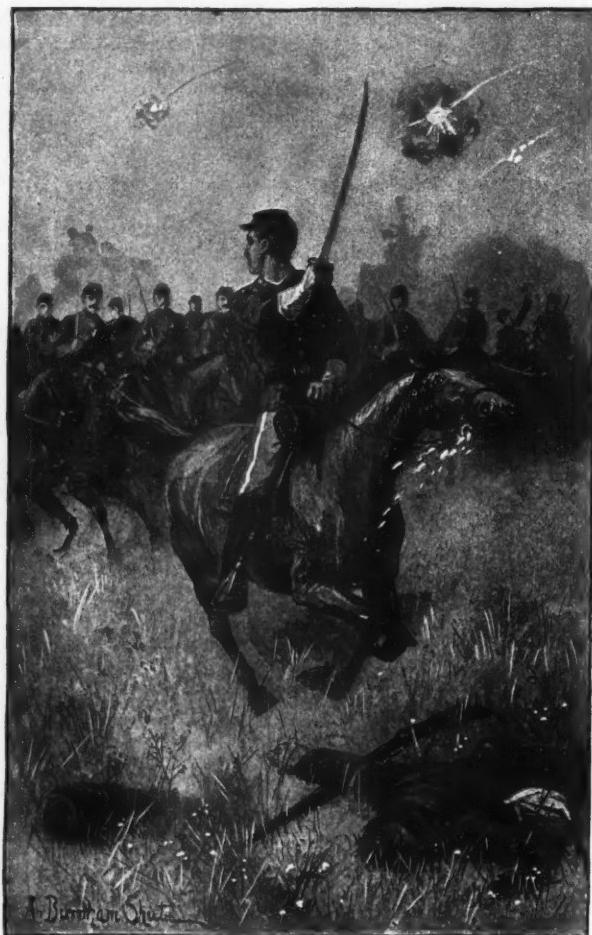
mental profit, he reentered the hotel business with his father, under the firm name of L. and W. T. Adams, in the conduct of the first Adams House, which took the place of the old Lamb Tavern in 1846. Two years afterwards he was appointed usher in the Boylston Grammar School, Fort Hill, where he was soon made submaster, and later on in 1860 he received the appointment of master of the school. From thence he was transferred to the Bowditch School for girls and continued at its head till his resignation in 1865.

Mr. Adams entered upon his literary career before he retired from teaching, and had actually published no less than eight hundred stories. His first article was published in the "Social Monitor" at the age of nineteen, while he was teaching school at Dorchester; but his first "pay matter" came out in the "True Flag" in 1852. "Hatchie, the Guardian Slave," was published in 1854; but his second book, "In Doors and Out," was a "palpable hit" and established his reputation beyond dispute.



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"One of the Texans tumbled from his horse."
(Illustration from "*In the Saddle.*")



Copyright, 1896, by LEE & SHEPARD.

"Company — Attention!" shouted Deck."

(Illustration from "On the Staff.")

A *nom de plume* was always used by our author. For his love stories he had "Irving Brown," sketches and travels, "Clingham Hunter, M.D.," and "Oliver Optic" for domestic stories; also "Old Stager," "A Retired Attorney," and "Man of the World." He never used his own name, because at one time he wrote many satires on society, particularly in the early part of his career, and not wishing to make enemies he considered it wiser to maintain his incognito until "Oliver Optic" became too popular to drop. This

name was suggested to him by a character under the name of "Doctor Optic," in a new play then running at the Museum, and it so fascinated Adams that he added the alliterative prefix.

No man could be better equipped for the profession he ultimately adopted.

In early years, before the family removed to West Roxbury, Wm. T. Adams, in rambling about the wharves and piers of Boston, picked up many yarns and obtained an insight into human nature that proved invaluable when he commenced

authorship; then came his farming and hotel experience, and school teaching, besides the vast amount of knowledge acquired by travel; so that we ultimately find a scholar, a skilful mechanic, an expert yachtsman, an experienced man of the world, and an imitable story teller. Therefore all his entertaining books for boys and girls impart instruction with amusement.

In 1862, Mr. Bazin, clerk in the firm of B. B. Muzzy & Co., publishers of "Hatchie," became a member of Brown, Bazin & Co., and the new firm commenced business with "Oliver Optic's" domestic series, with "In Doors and Out," and the "Boat Club," and "All Aboard" (a sequel) the next year. From this firm Adams's books passed to Phillips, Sampson & Co., and finally to Lee & Shepard in 1862, who became proprietors of "Oliver Optic's Magazine," which he edited, also "Our Boys and Girls," which continued for nine years under the editorial supervision of Mr. Adams, and then for nearly ten years he edited "Student and Schoolmate." The list of the other books that bear the name of "Oliver Optic" is as follows: "Living too Fast," "The Way of the World," domestic stories for adult readers; "The Boat Club Stories," six vols.; "Riverside Stories," twelve vols.; "The Woodville Stories," six vols.; "Young America Abroad," first series, six vols.; "Young America Abroad," second series, six vols.; "Oliver Optic's Magazine," nine vols.; "The Starry Flag Series," six vols.; "The Lake Shore Series," six vols.; "The Onward and Upward Series," six vols.; "The Yacht Club Series," six vols.; "The Great Western Series," six vols.; "Army and Navy Series," six vols.; "The Boat Builder Series," six vols.; "The Blue and Grey Series—Afloat," six vols.; "The Blue and Grey—On Land," five vols.; "The All Over the World Series," twelve vols.; "Just His Luck," "Our Standard Bearer." Besides all the works mentioned he wrote more than a thousand newspaper sketches.

Although a successful schoolmaster for so many years, beloved in each school by all his pupils, he had never written anything specially for juveniles, nor could he be prevailed upon at first; at last he yielded to the many importunities of his friends and his publishers. The first that

was distinctly so was the "Riverside Series," which exemplifies his wonderful aptitude for such an onerous duty.

As the abundance of effeminate juvenile books always published fostered a taste in the young men and women of the present day for too much of the sickly, trashy, and pernicious literature, scattered broadcast throughout the land, it was quite refreshing when an author of Mr. Adams's calibre entered the arena; and, though the void created by his lamented death will not, we fear, be readily filled, it is a consolation to know that the amount of excellent work he has bequeathed to posterity will greatly tend to mitigate the evil.

A more thorough business man, methodical and painstaking in all his work, than Mr. Adams, it would be difficult to name; for whatever his occupation for the time being—business or pleasure—his whole energy was aroused, so that everybody and everything seemed pleasantly animated by the same genial atmosphere that surrounded his great personality. There was neither moroseness nor pretension in his disposition, and whoever sought an interview was sure to be met with every mark of attention a gentleman is capable of. He was, in fact, extremely courteous and honest. He was a happy soul, and, apparently without effort, he endeavored to make all with whom he came in contact, happy also. He was also a genius; therefore he never assumed the airs adopted by mediocrity for effect; none of that vacant, dreamy, straining of the eyes in a vain endeavor to penetrate the invisible future, which make the present a burden and the morrow a barren wilderness. He never failed in carefully preparing himself for every duty, especially for every book he undertook to write. He not only kept a plot book, in which were sketched the cast of characters and the general plan of the story in hand, but he also had a note book wherein were jotted down thoughts, incidents, anecdotes, and any other kind of useful information picked up in the course of his innumerable journeyings and interviews. This forethought, assisted by a retentive memory and a vivid imagination, found him thoroughly prepared for whatever task lay before him. Taking all these things into consideration, and devoting about five



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HE GRASPED THE HAND OF CAPTAIN RINGGOLD FIRST
(Illustration from "Pacific Shores.")

hours a day to diligent work, we find him enabled to write a book in an incredibly short time. And to show how assiduously he used the pen, some years ago he was threatened with an attack of writers' cramp and was compelled to discontinue the use of it. Being equal to the emergency, however, he at once resorted to the useful typewriter, which he found an excellent substitute for he soon became an expert operator.

After firmly establishing himself in life, Mr. Adams considered it his duty to the State, when called upon, to act in a legis-

lative capacity, accordingly he served one year in the General Court (1868) as a representative for Dorchester; but finding the lobby of the State House decidedly uncongenial he declined a reelection. The fact is, he had no objection in honestly assisting in legislating for the benefit of his fellow citizens but he had a decided objection to the game of political hoodwinking. Education, in some form or another, being his great love, as well as his forte, he was for four years a member of the Dorchester School Committee prior to its annexation with Boston in 1870, and ten

years of the Boston board; and for about twenty years he was either teacher or superintendent of the Sunday School of the First Church in Dorchester.

Being fraternal and sociable, he became a Mason, and for three years was master of Union Lodge; he was a member of the Old Dorchester Club; a member of the Press Club; and, as a matter of course, an original member of the Dorchester Yacht Club, which afterwards became the Massachusetts Yacht Club, and of which he was elected as an honorary member.

Besides his many wanderings to and fro in the States, which we have already alluded to, he went to Europe at least a dozen times, visiting nearly every country there, twice to Nassau and the south side of Cuba, and the British Provinces. His last trip abroad was in the autumn of 1896, when he went around the world, visiting China, Japan, and other countries of the far East in order to complete the All-Over-the-World-Library.

In October, 1846, Mr. Adams married Sarah Jenkins, of Dorchester, who died in March, 1885, and by whom he had three daughters, Ellen Frances (died in infancy), Alice, wife of Sol Smith Russell, residing in Minneapolis, and Emma, wife of George W. White, of the Suffolk Bar, who died in 1884.

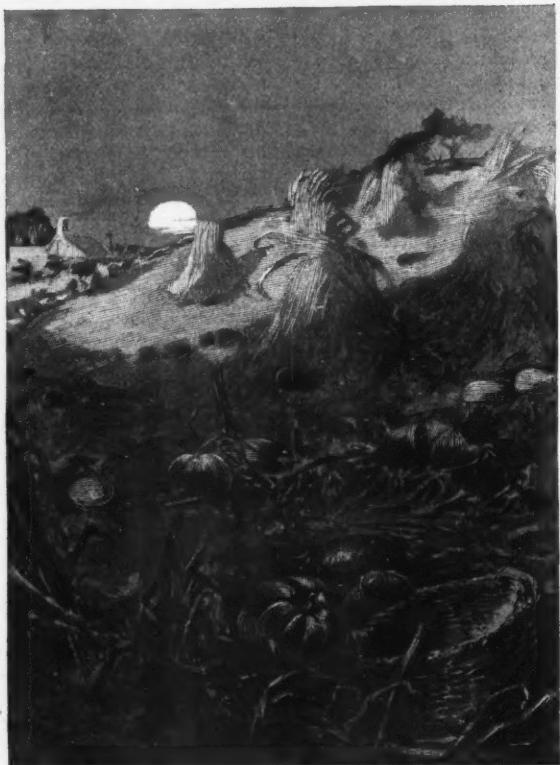
That was a remarkably sententious and noble sentiment uttered by Fletcher of Saltoun, when the world was, more or less, steeped in ignorance: "Only let me write the songs of the people and I care not who their lawmakers may be." The subject of this article occupies a more unique position in the world than the old song writers did, and we are glad he lived long enough to perceive the shadow of the coming event, which he once revealed to the writer with evident satisfaction. He saw, as we have before intimated, that the writer of fiction for youth was somewhat responsible for the future conduct of the rising generation; and he wrote accordingly, and right nobly has he acquitted himself. But this is not all. Mr. Adams carried his theory into practice subsequent to the time of his school teaching, which many a boy and girl can testify. Being an excellent reader of character he was ever on the alert with

unobtrusive advice which could not but be gratefully received by those to whom it was tendered. There were many opportunities which he availed himself of in this way. We call to mind one instance particularly. A Dorchester boy of poor parents and prospect in life, and with as little education, chanced to be in a store where Mr. Adams traded. Seeing the boy anxious and energetic, our author first attracted his attention and gained his reverence by narrating incidents of travel, in which he always managed to throw in a little seasonable advice, till at length the young man, almost friendless, often went to him for counsel. To assist in enlarging his views of men and things in general, Mr. Adams offered to take the young fellow with him on a trip to Bermuda, defraying all expenses. So serviceable were these good counsels, which were of an elevating tendency, that that young man, now on the shady side of thirty and in business for himself—the owner of several stores—told the writer of this article that he owes more to the friendship of William T. Adams than to any other person he ever met.

With the exception of occasional trips to his only surviving daughter in Minneapolis, and his travels in search of material for his books, he resided at Number 1479 Dorchester Avenue, Boston, Mass., since 1843. At the close of his day's labor he would invariably jump upon an electric car, go into town, pay a visit to his publishers, drop around at the Press Club for luncheon, and go home, refreshed for an evening of social enjoyment, a sound night's repose and another morning of work.

Having lost all his family Mr. Adams was no doubt very lonely sometimes during his later years, although his niece resided in the same house. He was an amiable man and a very lovable character; one who never gave the smallest trouble, not even in his last illness. He lived a simple, unostentatious life, beloved and revered by all who knew him.

He reached his home from Jamaica at the end of last February, when he was taken ill the third day after, and soon his illness became critical. He died at nine o'clock, Saturday morning, March 27th.



When on the hills, descending low,
The sun hath left its farewell glow,
Then comes the harvest moon with silver glory dight.
And as the lengthning shadows softly creep,
All nature seems to breathe "Good Night."
And gently fall asleep.

Walter L. Greene.



The Reapers.
From the painting by Jules Breton.

HARVESTING THE CROPS

BY JOANNA R. NICHOLLS

SOME writer has called the harvest "Nature's bank dividends," and it truly is the basis of all dividends. After a stress of hard times, the wealth of the harvest field is now solving the weighty and vexatious problems, which for the past few years have been puzzling philosophers and politicians alike. The first glimpse of dawn in the commercial realm has somewhat reversed the natural order of things. It is from the West instead of the East that the morn of better times appears.

The great harvests of the West are now the topic uppermost in the business world, and stocks and mercantile markets have been quick to respond to the business barometrical indication inspired by the usually dry and uninteresting crop reports.

To those who have ever worked in a wheat field, it is not difficult to arouse poetic fancy in recalling the scene. The golden straw seems freighted with the fragrance of rich autumn. The scorching rays of noon-day sun and the refreshing shade of the shock where the water jug nestles; the buzz of the reaper in its te deum of praise; the prickling stubble and fleeing gopher; the birds circling on

wing in their playful spirit; the typical harvest-hand "blinding his station" or capping the shock to keep out the threatening rain.

Then husking corn in the snapping cold months to come, with the ever hungry horses to keep the driver's voice in tune. All this may be too *crass* to be poetic, but it is the one great jubilee of the western farmers and laurels from the golden sheaf are truly his own. Lowell wrote in a burst of harvest fancy: "The plump swain at evening bringing home four months' sunshine bound in sheaves."

Millet's great picture, "The Reapers," typifies the same spirit although clad perhaps in more romantic garb than a flannel shirt, sombrero and red bandana.

Now for the statistics. Do not be startled. There are vital facts recently collected by the Agriculture Department at Washington which are worthy the consideration of philosophers and poets, as well as practical business men, for it is a common question to all—bread. These facts in themselves breathe a buoyant hope for the future, and without the least coloring form a rainbow of hopeful promise for the good times at hand. The farm mortgages are melting before the "sheaves of

sunshine." Discontent and distrust are being dissipated by the bountiful "bank dividends of Nature."

The Talmud, which is a quaint old book of Jewish laws and traditions, declares that in the beginning of creation wheat was a very large fruit, (a single grain would satisfy a man's hunger) but that each year since the primeval dawn, proportionately with the sin of humanity, its size diminished till in the time of David each grain was the size of a hen's egg, and that succeeding years of evil-doing have reduced it to the tiny seed of

While our trans-Atlantic neighbors are unfortunate in this generally diffused affliction, and the Argentine Republic has been shrinking back from her attitude of rivalry with the grain-producing sections of North America, the United States and Canada are profiting both by the adverse circumstances of others and the plentiful yield of 1896. The partial failure of the Irish potato crop abroad, supplemented by a shortage in production in America of this great food supply of the world, will considerably affect the price of cereals.



Harvesting the Western Wheat.

the present generation. The balance of nature is preserved; and for the loss in size is the compensating gain of quantity.

THE CROPS OF THE WORLD FOR 1897.

The information gleaned indirectly from official sources abroad indicates a considerable deficiency in the wheat crop in those countries which usually have a surplus of this cereal. India, denuded by her famine, will have practically no wheat to export. In England and in many districts of Wales and Scotland the wheat harvest will be far below the average, owing to the persistent drought. In France conditions have been capricious. The crop is under the average.

SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE WILSON.

In a recent interview with the writer of this article, Hon. James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, said in substance:—

"The price of wheat is affected, not only by the great scarcity abroad, but by the fact that incomes in this country are larger. There is no better place for the sale of wheat than in the United States, with its seventy million and odd inhabitants. Work has been scarce during the past four years, but now the people are everywhere busy, and their incomes are increased. With more money to spend, the food of the workingman will be better, he will eat more meat and more flour, less rye bread and less corn bread, and,



The Hay Harvest.
From the painting by Julien Dupré.

as a natural consequence, wheat will be dearer."

In 1881, the price of wheat reached its maximum, \$1.19, as did also the price of corn, 63.6 cents. After various fluctuations in succeeding years, wheat reached 92.6 cents in 1888, while corn was only 34.1 cents a bushel. In 1896, corn sold at 25.3 cents, and wheat at 72.6 cents, and 49.1 cents, 1894.

To fully appreciate the situation a retrospective glance should be taken at the official statistics of some of the principal wheat producing countries of the world, of which the United States is by far the largest. During the past fifteen years, the average annual production of wheat, estimated by quinquennials, has been:-

THE GREAT WHEAT PRODUCERS OF THE WORLD.

1881-1885	1885-1890	1890-1897
U. S., 435,685,744	433,847,400	499,246,218
Russia, 224,106,611	233,400,988	301,406,600
India, 269,721,362	245,657,288	224,000,000

SOUTH AMERICA IS A RIVAL.

Meanwhile, the progress made in wheat production in Argentina has been almost phenomenal. Her crop increased from about thirteen million bushels in 1885, to seventy-five million bushels in 1895.

Uruguay's crop also has advanced with surprising rapidity during the past five years. In 1891 it amounted to three million bushels, in 1895 it aggregated ten million bushels.

THE GREATEST WHEAT YIELD AND EXPORT EVER KNOWN.

The year 1891 was an unusual one in several of the great wheat growing countries. The maximum of both area and production was reached in the United States, viz: Area, thirty-nine million, nine hundred and sixteen thousand, eight hundred and ninety-seven acres, number of bushels, six hundred and eleven million seven hundred and eighty thousand. Co-incident with this largest wheat production on record in the United States there

was a partial or total failure throughout much of Europe, and the exports of our country during the fiscal yearending 1892, amounted to two hundred and twenty-eight million bushels.

Since that year there has been a considerable diminution in area and product accompanied by an even greater falling off in the quantity of wheat exported, the total shipments of grain and flour during the fiscal year 1895-96 amounting to only one hundred and twenty-nine million bushels. Canada, like the United States, produced her largest crop (sixty-two million, six hundred and thirty-five thousand bushels) in 1891. Her net exports increased in the fiscal years 1892, 1893 and 1894, but have since declined. The exports of wheat from India reached their maximum in the fiscal year 1892, (fifty-eight million bushels), the years subsequent showing a falling off which has greatly lessened India's importance as a contributor to the world's wheat supply. Her shipments during the fiscal year 1896 amounting to only twenty million. In contrast with these conditions a most

striking growth in wheat exportation has been exhibited by South American countries. The average annual wheat exports of Argentina increased from about two million bushels in the quinquennium 1881-1885, to nearly thirty-five million bushels in that of 1891-1895, while in the same space of time Uruguay's net exports per annum advanced from about seventy-seven thousand bushels to more than one million, six hundred bushels.

CORN IS KING OF OUR CEREALS.

In the United States the annual average production of cereals for the past four years has been three billion, seventy-four million, five hundred sixty-nine thousand nine hundred and seventy bushels. Corn comprises at least five-eighths of the whole. Wheat and oats include most of the remainder, and less than three per cent. are included in the crops of barley, rye and buckwheat.

Corn is grown in every state and territory of the Union, but the amount produced varies widely in different sections. The great corn belt of the country trav-



The Hop Harvest in Washington.



Typical Scene from a Southern Cotton Field.

By permission of the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

ersed by the Ohio and Missouri rivers consists of seven states from Ohio to Nebraska, which produce from six-tenths to two-thirds of each annual crop of the United States. During the past season the growth of corn in Illinois has been almost phenomenal. The promise of a similar luxuriant yield in Iowa, Missouri and Kansas has been cut down by excessive heat; still the harvest will exceed the average. The total annual average production of corn in the United States given by decades is as follows:—

ACRES.			
43,741,331	1870-1879	1,184,486,954	bushels.
70,543,457	1880-1889	1,703,448,064	"
73,780,094	1890-1896	1,777,981,133	"

A very small proportion of this crop is shipped abroad, the total exports amounting to between three and four per cent. of the whole. The largest crop on record was that of 1895, which amounted to two billion, one hundred and fifty-one million, one hundred and thirty-eight thousand, five hundred and eighty bushels. The largest exportation was made during the fiscal year 1895-1896, and amounted to ninety-nine million, nine hundred and ninety-two thousand, eight hundred and thirty-five bushels.

FOLLOWING THE STAR OF EMPIRE.

During the past ten years the center of wheat production in the United States has moved westward across the Mississippi River. This year the crop promises to be considerably larger than the average of the past decade. Vying with the multiplication of the Klondyke nuggets, the grain fields along the Pacific coast have shaken their golden wealth temptingly in the sunshine with a lavish profusion. An exceptionally favorable season has raised the condition of wheat as expressed in percentages from ninety-five to one hundred and two in Washington and from ninety to ninety-eight in Oregon. In Minnesota excess of rain has ruined the crop in certain localities and more or less damage has been done by chinch bugs and rust, while throughout the broad plains of the Dakotas the crop has been subjected to every conceivable condition adverse to the natural development of grain, yet in spite of so many discouraging circumstances the harvest promises to be a good one.

During the five fiscal years ending June 30, 1896, more than one-half of our entire exports of wheat were shipped to the United Kingdom, and one-fifth to France, Belgium and the Netherlands. It may surprise some people to learn that an average of seven million bushels of wheat are sent annually to Canada. A glance at the statistical reports for the past six fiscal years shows the number of bushels of wheat exported from the United States to be, in round figures, as follows: 1892, one hundred and fifty-seven million, 1893, one hundred and seventeen million; 1894, eighty-eight million four hundred thousand; 1895, seventy-six million; 1896, sixty million, six hundred thousand; 1897, seventy-nine million, five hundred and sixty-two thousand and twenty, indicating a decline of nearly fifty per cent. for the period. It can easily be predicted that the amount shipped abroad during the coming year will far outstrip these figures.

THE OAT YIELD ON THE INCREASE.

The increase in the production of oats in the United States from 1859 to 1887 amounted to two hundred and eighty-two per cent. The demand for purposes of home consumption is steady. This cereal exported only in very small quantities and chiefly in the form of oatmeal. The total annual average of area and production is given by decades in the following table:—

ACRES.			
1870-1879	11,076,822	314,441,178	bushels.
1880-1889	21,996,376	584,395,839	"
1890-1896	26,974,006	679,390,246	"

The crop of 1895 was the largest ever gathered, amounting to eight hundred and twenty-four million, four hundred and forty-three thousand, five hundred and thirty-seven bushels. About ten per cent. of last year's crop is still on hand, and the returns received by the Agricultural Department for the present year indicate a crop larger than usual.

The general condition of both barley and rye is above the average, as indicated by the returns from the three states of their principal production, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Iowa. The condition of barley in California is also promising.

RICE PRODUCTION VERY FLUCTUATING.

A crop which seldom fails and which is considered rather profitable is rice. It

is quite a hardy plant and can be grown even in Siberia; but it is chiefly cultivated in southern latitudes, nearly one-half of the total crop of the United States being raised in South Carolina. It is said to have been first introduced into that state in 1693, by Thomas Smith, who planted it on the present site of the city of Charleston. The yield per acre on the best lands ranges from fifty to one hundred bushels. Its total production in the

plained by the fact that the Chinese farmer considers human hair exceedingly valuable as a fertilizer in the cultivation of rice and collections of hair are made by the barbers are sold to the rice growers at the rate of a penny a pound. The average amount of rice exported annually from the United States since 1892 has varied between ten and twelve million pounds, while the average yearly import has been over one hundred and sixty mil-



Haymaker's Rest.
From the painting by Julien Dupre.

United States, according to the several national censuses was:—

1850	215,313,497 bushels.
1860	187,167,032 "
1870	73,635,021 "
1880	110,131,373 "
1890	128,590,934 "

showing a marked fluctuation in the size of the crop, doubtless due in part to foreign competition. The reason why the Chinese shave the greater part of their heads is perhaps ex-

plained by the fact that the Chinese farmer considers human hair exceedingly valuable as a fertilizer in the cultivation of rice and collections of hair are made by the barbers are sold to the rice growers at the rate of a penny a pound. The average amount of rice exported annually from the United States since 1892 has varied between ten and twelve million pounds, while the average yearly import has been over one hundred and sixty mil-

lion pounds. Of this amount forty-five and one-half per cent. was brought from Germany, twenty per cent. from China, and fifteen per cent. from Japan. The hay crop of the United States in 1896 was fifty-nine million, two hundred and eighty-two thousand, one hundred and fifty-eight tons but the harvest this year has been seriously injured by rain. Pasturage, on the contrary, is exceedingly good this year, the average condition reported to the Agricultural Depart-

ment exceeding or closely approximating one hundred in three-fourths of the states.

KING COTTON, SOVEREIGN OF THE SOUTH.

The consumption of the world, rather than of this country, rules the extension of the cotton area of the United States. The product, therefore, does not increase at the same ratio as the advance in our population. The crop of 1859 was abnormally large and the increase from the time of the close of the Civil War till 1889 has been nearly seventy per cent. The net produce in commercial bales was: for 1866, two million, two hundred and sixty-nine thousand; 1870, three million, one hundred and twenty-two thousand; 1880, five million, seven hundred and sixty-one thousand; 1890, seven million, three hundred and eleven thousand; 1895, nine million, four hundred and seventy-six thousand.

In 1895, the United States shipped to foreign markets some three billion, five hundred and seventeen million, four hundred and thirty-three thousand, one hundred and nine pounds of cotton and in 1896, two billion, three hundred and thirty-five million two hundred and twenty-six thousand, three hundred and eighty-five pounds. The total value realized from these exports in 1896 aggregated \$195,532,970. In contrast with these figures the annual average of unmanufactured cotton imported during the past five years has been about forty-one million pounds, consisting chiefly of the long-staple Egyptian cotton, also a small proportion of Peruvian, which is used in the manufacture of woollen goods.

Some portions of the cotton belt have been wittily termed "the land of promise" on account of the luxuriant appearance of the plant in the spring and its inevitable parching up in mid-summer. A fair crop is expected, according to a recent statement, about eight million, seven hundred and fifty-eight thousand bales for 1896-7.

In Texas, the largest cotton state, complaints are general. Only a very few correspondents of the Agricultural Department are able to report favorably upon the prospect in that state in making up their commercial statements. Indeed, in some sections the crop is pronounced the smallest ever known.

THE FLAX PRODUCTION DECREASING.

The average amount of flax imported yearly is about six thousand, eight hundred tons. Of this total thirty per cent. is imported from the United Kingdom, twenty-three per cent. from Canada, and nineteen per cent. from Russia. Some of the finest flax is grown in Belgium, but from this country and from France only a small percentage is imported into the United States.

Flax as an agricultural product is distributed over both hemispheres. The plant is native to temperate climates, and its culture was one of the earliest colonial industries. The product was spun and woven in the old-fashioned way. Only sixty years ago three-quarters of a million pounds of flax fiber were raised in the United States principally in New England. The area under cultivation in the older States has been steadily decreasing, but at the present day flax is largely cultivated in the West for its seed, the straw when used being sent to the tow and paper mills. About ten years ago the cultivation of flax for fiber began to attract attention. The fertile basin along Puget Sound has been discovered to be as well adapted to the growing of flax as the richest soils abroad. Successful experiments in flax-raising have been conducted in the State of Washington under the supervision of the Agricultural Department. Good commercial fibre is also produced in Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan.

HEMP A RIVAL FOR KENTUCKY BOURBON.

The cultivation of hemp in the United States is almost entirely confined to the Blue Grass region of Kentucky, and as early as 1842 the production from this plant amounted to fifteen thousand tons. Hemp was discovered first in Italy and Persia, but it is cultivated in many parts of the world, both temperate and tropical. In many districts of India it flourishes in a wild state, and is cultivated, not for its utility in the manufacture of cordage and twine, but on account of its narcotic properties, the intoxicating drug "hashish" being prepared from the plant. Although the Bombay-grown hemp has been found to be superior to the fine article produced in Russia, the value of hashish renders the Indian cultivator



Tobacco Culture in the Connecticut Valley.

indifferent to the fiber of the plant. In Japan hemp is cultivated for the manufacture of fabrics, and has been a very old industry, prior to the introduction of silk weaving it was an important textile of that country. The annual average of hemp imported during the period from 1892 to 1896, has been about five thousand four hundred and nine tons.

EVEN HOP VINES ARE RUNNING WEST.

The hop crop is becoming more and more prominent in the United States. The Pacific slope production has been steadily rising in rivalry with that of New York ever since 1880, while the superiority in quality of the product along Puget Sound places the State of Washington at the head of the hop-producing sections. Rich crops are a never failing certainty of this region, and the only check to the industry's assuming very large proportions in the near future is the uncertainty of labor at the gathering season. The picking there is done by Indians, who come even from the confines of Alaska to engage in this occupation. The crop averages about sixteen hundred pounds to the acre, the cost of production being estimated at ten cents per pound. About ninety per cent.

of the foreign hops consumed in this country are imported from Germany.

FOREIGN SUGAR SUPPLY FROM CUBA.

The sugar industry of the United States is divided into four sections. Maple sugar production in New England together with the additions from New York, Ohio and Indiana reaches annually a total of about \$5,000,000. Sorghum cane has been cultivated thirty-five years in our country and the enormous quantities of molasses realized from this crop approximate yearly to thirty million gallons. The raising of sugar beets is becoming a feature in American agriculture. Western farmers are experimenting extensively with this product. The cultivation of cane sugar is confined chiefly to Louisiana, Florida and Texas. Its production averages annually three hundred million pounds, but varies greatly with the season. A crop a little above the average is expected this year. As much as four billion pounds of sugar are imported yearly, of which amount forty-six and one-half per cent. comes from Cuba.

ALONG COMES THE OLIVE BRANCH.

It is not generally known, perhaps, that olive growing has been attempted suc-

HARVESTING THE CROPS



The Signs of Prosperity.

cessfully in San Diego, California. Olives have become an article of universal consumption and there is no limit to the demand for them. The oil is indispensable in medicine and surgery and it is extensively used in the manufacture of fine woollen goods. The olive does not flourish in a moist soil but requires a warm dry land. Its culture is peculiarly adapted to the irrigation settlements of Australia, and there is room for extensive importation of the pure oil from that country, as the adulteration of olive oil with cotton seed oil in Europe has greatly depreciated the public estimate of this product. In Italy, Spain and the south of France as much as eight million acres are devoted to olive growing, and one hundred and sixty million gallons of oil are produced each year. The climate and atmospheric conditions of Georgia resemble so much those of Italy that it would seem that olive trees might be successfully culti-

vated in this State, and become a lucrative investment. The average amount of olive oil imported into the United States from all sources during 1892-1896 was seven hundred and seventy-three thousand six hundred and ninety-two gallons. Of this sixty-one and one-half per cent. came from Italy and thirty-one and one-half per cent. from France.

CONNECTICUT VALLEY LEADS IN TOBACCO.

Since the time that it was first discovered by Sir Walter Raleigh, tobacco has played an important part in the history of the United States. For the first two centuries of its cultivation its plantations were principally located in the colony of Virginia. The importation of tobacco into England became at an early date so large a source of royal revenue that James I. and Charles I. forbade under severe penalties its shipment to any other country. All manner of debts and fines were discharged by this valuable commodity, and during the seventeenth century Virginia planters purchased themselves wives from the old country for one hundred and eighty pounds of tobacco. The Maryland legislature also made it a legal tender in payment of debts and a medium of exchange foreign and domestic. These two States held the monopoly in this crop until the middle of the nineteenth century, but during the past fifty years statistics show astonishing changes in its distribution. To-day the heav-



Gathering the Tobacco Leaf.

lest rate of yield of cigar tobacco, that is to say the largest production in proportion to the area under cultivation, is in the Connecticut valley. While the plant is grown in fifteen States the actual area utilized is small, being computed to aggregate only about thirty-three miles square. The average production annually on this small area is estimated at the enormous amount of four hundred and seventy-two million pounds. Half of this is exported, but the tendency is to a relative increase in the home consumption, especially of the finer grades. Reports received by the department regarding the growing crop indicate a somewhat smaller yield than usual. Fully ninety-five per cent. of the tobacco imported to this country is grown in Cuba.

THE IDYLLIC AN INFLUENCE IN BUSINESS.

Now this résumé of the crops of the world and the United States in particular, forces the conclusion that this country is entering upon another substantial era of prosperity. The facts and logical conditions are such as to silence or even convert the most chronic pessimist.

The situation, too, is not without its idyllic aspect. What one subject in painting has ever inspired such warm sympathetic and wholesome admiration as that of a field? Jules Breton's "Reapers" given on another page is famous, and Dupre's "The Hay Harvest" has a fascination alike for critic, connoisseur and novice, and breathes the real and pulsat-

ing life. All these great paintings have their setting in a field, and so with many of the masterpieces. One who has never felt the warm gentle breath of a harvest breeze finds a subtle pleasure in even a suggestion recalling the scene. Close to Nature in God's own garden. We can think of no more fitting close to this résumé of harvest of crops than Hans Makart's "Summer Harvest." It is a realistic allegory. The romantic and idyllic painting of European peasantry and views of the great wheat fields of our own West, seem to blend into one grand symphony. It may take statistics to give the details of the great harvest, but there is another aspect often overlooked in cold-blooded business calculations, and that is the spirit of hope and cheerfulness which is no small factor in determining individual and national welfare. There is a cheerful suggestiveness in "Hail to the Harvest Moon" that compensates for the sad and fading reveries of autumn.

The notes of the Angelus bird seem to be heard in these great harvest fields. This is the rare bird in Paraguay whose song consists of sounds like the strokes of a distant bell in such a resonant tone that the listener imagines himself near a chapel or convent. Even the birds are uniting in their tribute to the great Creator for his bounty. The figures in Millet's "Angelus" in silent prayer listening to the distant chimes—may well be emulated in the broad fields of the West which we can fancy, echo with the carol of the Angelus bird.





AUTUMN AND WINTER

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Now ruddy Autumn robed in russet leaves
Usurps the throne where Summer late held sway,
And laughs wine drunk the while the forest grieves
And shedding rainy tears the sky grows grey.

To fill her cup she strips the vineyards bare,
To wreath her brow she robs the glowing trees,
She plucks the last fair flower to deck her hair;
And like a spendthrift monarch laughs in ease.

But see! Cold-visaged Winter, hoary haired,
Steals from the North and like a stealthy foe
Finding his victim drunk and unprepared
Smothers her gently in his beard of snow!

Close on his heels his boisterous minions come,
The howling Winds that scour the northern plains,
And fright the laughing brooklet cold and dumb
And Nature sleeps locked fast in icy chains!

TWIXT and SMILES TEARS

A PROPER PROPOSAL.

HE. Marie, I—I—I—

She. Don't you think you are becoming a trifle egotistical.

He. O yes, but the fact is I—I—

She (wearily) I suppose you want to propose to me, is that it?

He. I confess it. You have discovered my secret.

She. Then get down on your knees.

He. Oh certainly.

She. Now twist the ends of your mustache.

He. With pleasure.

She. Arrange your necktie.

He. I will be delighted to.



She. Get your handkerchief ready to weep away your tears.

He. It is done.

She. Now you may proceed.

He. (Desperately) I love you. Will you marry me?

She. I regret exceedingly that I cannot accept you. This is no reflection upon you but indicates only that you are not suited to my present uses. Kindly excuse criticism as the immense number of offers received by me renders it impossible for me to make a particularized reply to each.

Tom Hall.

THE BEND IN THE ROAD.

A MAN is not supposed to scream and gather his trousers about him at sight of a mouse. Neither is it customary for him to perform the appre-

hensive function of looking under the bed for a burglar, at night. But a man may be superstitious without discrediting his sex. McPhee was superstitious. He was also nervous, and sufficiently feminine not to resist this temperamental tendency. He sometimes came so near being unsexed as to yell (the only available masculine synonym for "scream") when a toad jumped on his back, as he was weeding in the garden; and it was a demonstrable fact that he never hung out his wash on a Friday, even if all the previous days of the week had been stormy.

Yes, McPhee washed. He did all his own housework, and gardened, and wrote scientific articles to boot. He lived alone in a little house twelve miles out from the city. It was the only house on a lonely three-mile stretch of road. To the north of it were woods; to the south of it were woods; and east and west were narrow meadows, rippling to the edge of still other and deeper woods.

To the northward the road stretched away straight for miles; but to the southward a little way from McPhee's lonely house, it made a sudden bend, just as it plunged into the woods. If it had not been for the bend in the road, McPhee might have led a comparatively peaceful and happy life. But whenever he turned his eyes that way, a cold, creeping, crawling terror seized him. Why he could not tell; it seemed to be a freak of his peculiarly nervous temperament. He had a presentiment that his fate was coming to him around the bend in the road; that some day a deadly, disastrous something would start out of the woods and destroy him. It was coming from afar off. He knew that it had started. It would travel by way of many roads leading into his road; and at last, at the bend of the road, it would appear, and he would know that it had come for him.

A frightful sort of waking nightmare this, especially for a young man of twenty-four, a gentle hermit, whose love of seclusion and of quiet study had led



THE JURY AGREED.

Gentlemen, I desire to call your attention at this point to this fact, that the defendant was awake at the time of the murder. AWAKE, I say AWAKE!

him to this lonely spot. True, he might have moved to some other out-of-the-way place. But, if you stop to consider, how few lonely places there are without some bend in the road near by, or some jutting strip of woods with a path that steals around its edge, or a great rock, behind whose bulk fate may make its stealthy approach, or some other natural hiding-place for the Thing that troubles a man with hysterical nerves.

No; McPhee considered the matter, and decided that, being the man he was, he would remain where fate had directed him. So he set himself resolutely to face the one shadow upon his life—that haunting dread represented by the bend in the road. Since the harder he tried to forget, the more constantly he remembered. McPhee at length determined to change his tactics; and so for a time he suffered himself to woo, as it were, the mystery that shadowed him. Twice or thrice a day he walked to the bend in the road, gazed deep into the woods, and returned. And whenever the suggestion came to him, while at his work, he would cease his labor and gaze at the fatal, shadowy turn. And this practice seemed to ease his mind a little of its apprehension.

A year passed by, and, strange to say, McPhee had never yet seen a living creature approach around the bend in the road. It was such an out-of-the-way place—an almost deserted cross-road. Teams seldom came that way, and foot-travellers still less often. So many times he had looked and seen nothing, that at last the conviction fastened itself upon McPhee that the first thing he should behold coming around the bend in the road, would be his fate. And, one day, when he was walking toward the mystery, his heart leaped into his throat, and his whole body was seized with a violent trembling; for a sudden shadow fell upon the dust of the road, and a young woman appeared, carrying a pail of fresh-picked berries in her hand. She was a beautiful, bright-eyed creature, bronzed by the sun; but her cheeks underneath the tan were like the berries in her pail. She smiled and spoke so sweetly to McPhee, as she passed him, that the trembling ran out of him, and his heart fell to beating warm and soft in its wonted place. The peace that came upon him, as he passed out of the girl's sight, around the bend in the road, cannot be told. He sank down among the ferns by the roadside and



buried his face in the cool depths of the grasses and the moss. "It is past!" he whispered, joyfully. "The thing that I feared was all a fancy, a dream! The fate that was to come upon me at the bend in the road has proved to be a vision of girlish innocence and beauty. I am free from my curse!"

It is the same peaceful, quiet scene—the woods, the narrow, rippling meadows, the sleeping stretch of road, the little, lonely house, the sun-bathed hills in the distance—all unchanged since the day when the man and the maiden met near the bend in the road.

But who is this, coming hastily out of the cottage—this man with the furtive, suspicious eye, the stooping shoulders, the cringing gait, the scattered, frosted locks, the pinched and wrinkled and pitifully woe-begone face? Can it be McPhee—McPhee, the young recluse, with the wholesome brown face, the straight body, the amaranthine curls? Alas, even so! It is he.

He goes sadly down the road, a poor, shambling, spiritless, shabby figure. As he mopes along, the door of the cottage opens, and a woman, still young and comely, but broad, buxom and determined, plants herself on the threshold and cries, shrilly:

"You! McPhee! Come back here and split them kindlin's for breakfast. Step lively, now!"

Then the door closes with a slam. McPhee raises his woeful face and gazes

toward the bend in the road. He lifts his right fist and shakes it fiercely. Then he flings a swift, fearsome, backward glance at the cottage, and shakes his left fist. One more timorous but desperate look behind him, and both fists go up with a gesture of unutterable despair. Then the man turns and comes back, dejectedly, to the house.

The premonition had not failed. McPhee had met his fate at the bend of the road.

James Buckham.

THE INSULTAN RUL'R OF TURKEY.

TIME: 'Twas midnight, in his guarded tent, etc.

CHARACTERS: *The Sultan.*

Humid Mustapha Pasha Bay, Prime Minister.

HUMID (entering). Wake up, O Most Illustrious.

The Sultan. Look here, Humid, I Mustapha little rest once in a while.

Humid. Sultanly, you must, Most High, but this is business. Russia insists that we must let up on Greece.

The Sultan. O Pasha! I've heard that before. Tell them I'm very czarry, but that the present situation has been forced upon me—and throw one hundred thousand more reserves across the frontier.

Humid. But England, Heaven Born, says our soldiers have been looting the Greeks and that it must stop.

The Sultan. Well it was all done regularly by the lootenants, was it not? And what else are they for? Really I jubleeve the Queen might attend to her own celebration.

Humid. But Germany threatens us with war.

The Sultan. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Have some Porte.

Humid. Thanks. It is sublime. Nevertheless it is my duty to tell you that France threatens to join Germany in this war.

The Sultan. That makes no dif-
France to me. It doesn't worry me a litt-
tle bit. So long as I am safe from
Hare(m) personally, what do I care.

Humid. But Italy, Roumania, Servia,



Bulgaria and Montenegro will side with them.

The Sultan. Tell them to blaze away.

Humid. Think of the consequences.

The Sultan. (sternly) O Bey.

Humid. All right, but does not all this worry you?

The Sultan. Not a bit. It is Allah's matter of indifference to me.

Humid. O Wonderful Ruler.

The Sultan. Nothing wonderful, my boy, I mean my Bey. When a man is married to no less than three hundred women he doesn't mind a little thing like war. But Holy Mohammed, here come thirty-four of my mothers-in-law. Hide me, somewhere, Mustapha, hide me surely. For if they discover me I shall lose my hide.

(They depart in haste.) *Tom Hall.*

NEW SOURCE OF POWER.

I T was evening. On the veranda of one of the largest of the Adirondack hotels a group of a half dozen men had since dinner been seated near one corner talking and smoking. Despite the rare moonlight and the faint murmur of a waterfall their conversation had taken on a most deplorable utilitarian tinge. It happened that they were all interested, directly or indirectly, in the use and development of water, steam or other power, and its application to manufacturing and similar purposes, especially through the agency of electricity. Two of them were heavy stockholders in the power company at Niagara, another was a manufacturer of electrical apparatus, while the other three were respectively

a railroad president, chief owner of a steamship line and the head of the largest trolley system in New England.

The matter of power and the transmutation of energy had been pretty well gone over—they had, in fact, talked "shop" most shamelessly. The conversation had begun to lag just a trifle and they were applying the torch to their third round of cigars when a tall stranger who had been sitting unnoticed at one side took his feet down off the railing and hitched his chair in their direction. The group looked at him coldly, and one of the Niagara men noted mentally that he had observed the stranger alight from the stage that afternoon.

"You will pardon me, gentlemen, but I have been an involuntary but not an uninterested listener to your conversation. I, too, am concerned in the development and economical application of energy to manufacturing and other purposes. I hope I won't be intruding if I join you."

A deep silence fell upon the group. Each man smoked softly but firmly and gazed into moonlit space. The Niagara man indulged in further mental reminiscences with the result of recalling that the stranger's clothes were slightly seedy and his manner uneasy. At last the steamship president said:—

"Is your line electricity or steam?"

"I am interested in everything," promptly replied the man, with an air of deep thankfulness. "But the particular experiment which I had in mind was in quite another direction. Let me explain—I am sure that as practical men and capitalists your time will not be wasted." There was an earnest gleam in the man's eye as he straightened up in his chair, threw out a long arm with bony fingers and went on:—

"I live in Utica, this State. For several years I have carried on a factory for the manufacture of wooden pumps. I have depended on a ten-horse-power steam-engine to move my machinery. Last winter, as you may know, the legislature passed a dog licensing law for all cities of between twenty thousand and eight hundred thousand population. It empowers any regularly incorporated society for the prevention of cruelty to animals to issue licenses and to apprehend all unlicensed dogs.

"Now, Utica has always had more dogs than any other town of its size in the State. The place has been fairly effervescent with dogs. In some parts of the town it has been impossible to force your way through the flocks of dogs, and you've had to step high and wade through. Still, they have been kind, pleasant, good-natured dogs, always sort of smiling in their way and wagging their tails. You never saw such wagers as those dogs were, every one of them.

"In fact, they were all so good-natured and harmless that there was no reason why the local society should have had the law on them. But it was a good society, and like all good societies was hard up, so it clapped the statute on the dogs, making it necessary that every last one of them should contribute a dollar for a license or get run in and have his days ended then and there. The society advertised these facts, and a few hundred dog owners came in, paid their dollar and got a brass tag to attach to their dogs. But of course most people did nothing of the sort. The result was that there were soon a few thousand unauthorized and illegal dogs chasing about town. The society accordingly, hired a dog-catcher and sent him out. In a month he had two thousand fights and got about one thousand dogs. Gentlemen, I had been doing some thinking and figuring, and I now showed my hand.

"I went to the society and offered to take six hundred of the larger dogs off its hands. I got an enthusiastic welcome, and in two hours had the curs in the factory yard. Now, gentlemen, favor me with your best attention and I'll make it clear to you just how I carried out my ideas." He hitched forward in his chair, extended still farther his bony finger, and the others noticed the earnest light in his eyes glowing still more brightly.

"The first thing I did was to stand those dogs up in rows side by side, two rows, three hundred dogs in each row, heads all pointed in one direction, tails necessarily aimed in the other direction, rows about twenty-five feet apart, I had previously stretched two wires across the yard to which I tied the dogs by short thongs from their collars. Inside my factory building I had ready a large horizontal walking beam twenty-five feet long.

From either end of this I ran a small but strong wire cable just back and above each row of dogs, with three hundred brass portiere rings firmly attached to it at regular intervals. I then inserted the tail of each canine in a ring, stood on the side of the yard facing them, called out 'Good doggie' and displayed a tempting bone. Of course they all began to wag their tails violently. At first there was no order in their movements, but inside of five minutes they were wagging in unison, the front row away from the factory, the back row toward it, then the front row toward it and the back row away from it, and so on, pulling the cables alternately and working the beam in the factory and so moving the machinery of my entire plant without the use of the engine! Gentlemen, those six hundred dogs developed twelve-horse-power, and the experiment was a glowing success. I shouldn't have presumed to intrude with my private business affairs had I not been certain that, as practical men interested in the economical production of power, you would like to know about this."

He paused and partially settled back in his chair.

"You are telling us the absolute truth, I suppose, of course?" said the trolley man softly.

"Sir!" exclaimed the stranger. Then he added with a touch of sadness in his voice: "And I thought I was among gentlemen!" and got up and stalked away.

Harry V. Marr.

BEFORE THE ANNOUNCEMENT.

THEY were floating idly in a small boat on the Mississippi. He sat in the rower's seat carelessly weaving one oar back and forth through the water, and she sat in the stern with one hand softly breaking the little wavelets that wrinkled the face of the river.

A glorious procession of crimson clouds trailed across the Western sky, and beneath them hung a golden mist that showered the dark silhouette of the town with a dust of gold. All this was shattered and spread over the tremulous river in broken dashes of color. Eastward all was dark and dreary.

It was their first row together since she had gone East three years before. They

had been friends for many years, the best of friends, and during all the three years they had corresponded; "with punctual irregularity," as he said.

She was small and dark and seemed to demand from all men protection. He was—a man.

"Is it not like old times," she said, "this floating on the river? Do you remember the last time we were on it?"

"Three years ago," he said. "How the time has flown! I was a boy then and now I am—"

"Just the same as you were," she said, with a laugh, "you never seem to change."

"Well, how about yourself, Kate?" he asked, chaffingly, "You were a girl when you left, are you an old maid now?"

"Nearly," she replied, "I am— Oh, see that beautiful meteor!"

The sky was darker now, but a faint rose tint still lighted the west.

For awhile they floated in silence, as he lighted a cigar. She was gazing at him closely. "It is true," she thought, "he is just the same great boy that he was. Will he never be a man? Will he always play with life, and never be ready to—to see what a blind man could see?" She had a clear view of his face as the match blazed in the dark. The same heavy dark brown curls, the same full red lips, the same soft brown eyes that she had known and loved so long.

She was a woman of one love, and that love was the whole of her life. She had bowed down and worshipped this great, happy boy who was so wrapped up in his art that he had no time for anything else, not even for her, and she had been content to wait for she knew that sooner or later that would come to him which comes to all men.

And now after the long separation they were together again, but for the one evening only, for the next day she must return to the East.

"Kate," he said at last, "may I get down in the boat as I used to years ago, and let my weighty head rest on your lap?"

He did not wait for an answer but arranged himself comfortably.

"Do you know," he said, "I am now perfectly comfortable and contented and happy?"

For reply she ran her fingers through his hair and untwisted one of the curls that rested on his forehead.

The river was very still, and the only sound was the drowsy note of the frogs along the far off bank.

The boat floated on silently. Kate sat with closed eyes, and her thoughts were monotonous. She was thinking along this line, "I love him, I love him, I love him, I love him." Suddenly she turned her head and looked behind her.

"Are we running into something?" he asked.

"No," she said, "it's all right." She had looked to see how near the town they were. It was not so *very* far! Why didn't he speak? He knew this was his only chance, perhaps for years.

"Do you know," he said, "we have been friends for a long time?"

"Yes," she said, softly.
"And in all that time I have never said I loved you, or let you think that I loved you, have I?"

"No," she said more softly still, so softly that she feared he might not hear it for the beating of her heart.

"Well," he said, turning so he could look up into her face, "I didn't want to. I didn't want you to think that I cared for you except as a friend, but sometimes I was afraid you might."

"You foolish boy!" she said, smiling down into his face which was very serious now and not at all boyish. "It is coming! coming! coming!" her heart sang, and she held her breath for joy. It is so good to wait and wait for a love that is longed for; to live for it, and pray for it, and hope for it, and then to pause, trembling at the very moment when it is to be offered! This was the greatest joy of her life, the supremest moment! She bent forward and he smiled and—

"Because, little girl," he said, "I liked you so well that I did not want to make a mistake, and spoil it all."

He took her hand and held it softly. She feasted her eyes on his face. He was so kind, and handsome and gentle, and all that she thought a man should be. And oh! she loved him so!

"Well," he said at length, "I have a secret I want to tell you, may I?"

"Yes, boy," she said.

He sat up in the boat and looked full in her face, and she smiled on him.

"I'm in love!" he said, laughing nervously, "You wouldn't believe it of me, would you? And that—that isn't the whole of my guilty secret, Kate, I'm—engaged!"

Slowly she drew away her hand and straightened in her seat. The poor smile sickened and died on her trembling lips, and her eyes grew moist. She put her hand over her heart and caught one long breath.

She was so small and helpless and all alone in the world.

"Why?" what is the matter?" he asked, "are you cold?"

"No," she said and the monosyllable ended in a sob.

"Kate!" he cried, "it is possible that you—"

What could he do? He gently slipped to his seat and began rowing softly toward home.

"I am *very* sorry!" he said, as he left her at her door, "I didn't know!"

She did not answer, but only stood on the veranda step with her arms hanging limply at her sides, and her head bent.

"Good-night," he said, very softly, and he left as quietly as he could.

But she did not reply, and when he was out of sight she still stood heart-sick and weary as he had left her, and she heard his cheerful whistle as he went happily out of her life. Then she sat down on the step and buried her head in her lap and moaned.

There was still a pale light in the west. Eastward all was dark and dreary.

Ellis Parker Butler.

FLOWERS FOR BABY'S BIRTHDAY.

TWO years old! Yes, this is baby's birthday. Bring out Dick and Daisy, the well-worn rag dolls, the thumbed picture-book, and the little battered red cart. Let the house be strewn with flowers for this is baby's birthday.

What a career in that brief life! That sweet little face, sparkling with the dawn of intelligence. Each day his great wondering blue eyes seemed to fathom a new mystery. Parents know how in that pure little face they see mirrored a soul. When you feel the chubby little hands clinging to you—what is life without a

baby? The affection entwines itself in the very tendrils of the heart. The patter of little feet, the delighted crowing and cooing! Baby's birthday! What an event it is to the young parents. A new life was opened to them the day baby was born. The responsibility of a little helpless life depended upon them. Each day that the little flower unfolded, it seemed to grow more precious. The first tooth, when he began to walk—and then the first word, "Mamma." Playing hide and seek in his mamma's skirts. An old story? Of course it is, but always precious, and always the best and the sweetest memory of life. Baby is the centre of life, hope and ambition. His future is planned. Morning and noon and night—the picture of mother and babe is the cheering hope of the weary father, and no artist's canvas has ever caught the heavenly halo of the scene. No home can seem a home without baby. The good influence these little buds exert cannot be measured. Baby has had his first Christmas and now this is his second birthday. The little trophies of yuletide and his own little Christmas tree are a cherished memory in the sweet dawn of his life.

What was baby thinking of? Ah! his eyes sparkle with a light that seems spiritual. The little song of "Rock-a-bye Baby" brings the tired little one to Mamma and he sings, too. Tired little fellow, he is sleeping.

Yes, Mamma, let us honor baby's birthday.

What, in tears?

Yes, baby is gone!

Oh, what a flood torrent of grief it loosens. No other loss seems to so tear the very heart-strings. The vigils of that long last death-watch. The sweet little angel face in the white casket—blessed little life—a mission more complete and greater than many lives of three score and ten. Only two years—and yet a life's influence is left. Yes, Mamma, let us keep baby's birthday sacred. Many a hearthstone has felt this great sorrow. It is one of the griefs that bring us all closer to the actualities of life and death.

Bring more blossoms Mamma! and sing the old song I heard in the happy days he was ours. "Bye, Bye, the Baby."

How we seem to cling to our grief and the memories of that little face as a

glimpse in Heaven's own portals. When he was born, a new life was opened. When he was taken away, another vista of life appeared. Alone in our sorrow, Mamma, we can hear that little voice, "Bye, Bye, the Baby."

Alas, the blossoms you have brought, Mamma, for baby's birthday, must fade. His little mission is ended. Our little blossom has faded away, but he left the sweet and precious memories of a complete life.

Flynn Wayne.

OUR CONFLAGRATION.

WEll we have had a conflagration at our house at last. I have always feared it, and I thank heaven that it is over, and that I won't have that on my mind any more. Most of the townspeople call it a mere "fire" but as there was not much fire about it I prefer the word "conflagration."

I was fully prepared for it. The fact is I believe in being always prepared for the worst. That is the reason I am going to insist on being buried in an asbestos shroud. If I go to heaven it won't be in the way, and if I go to the other place it will come in mighty handy.

The cause of our conflagration was a stove that I had put up on some faulty mechanical principle. I used the higher mathematics in putting it up, but I must have made a mistake in my logarithms, for it tipped over the second time my wife filled it up with coal, spilling its

flaming contents on the floor. (I have since thought that if I had taken charge of that stove and the filling up thereof all would have been well, but I have not mentioned the idea to the little lady for obvious reasons.)

When the stove tipped over the little lady lost her presence of mind entirely and screamed to me to bring a bucket of

water. How like a woman that was! I paid no attention to her, but ran up to my study and grabbed a memorandum I have hanging on the wall there. This memorandum is type-written and is headed "METHOD OF PROCEDURE TO BE ADOPTED IN CASE OF FIRE." This I followed exactly with, to me at least, the most gratifying results. It is true that the little lady has been laughing at me ever since, and that I am also the subject of some hilarity in the village, but if we had had a real fire instead of a mere conflagration they would have seen the usefulness of my arrangements. Some day when we are burned out of house and home (they have all declared that they won't follow my method of procedure again) it will be my turn to laugh.

First I climbed up to the roof of the house and put my youngster's flag up, union down—this for a general signal of distress. Any one who reads novels of sea life will see the utility of the idea at once. If a fire occurred at night I intended to set fire to a tar barrel which I keep in the yard for that purpose and send up rockets.

After this I fired five cannon fire crackers at intervals of one minute each. This was a prearranged signal with the blacksmith to come with an axe, a ladder, a rope and some haste. He was to use these until the town carpenter arrived, when they were to unite their forces and save the piano.

Then I gave a prolonged screech with the youngster's tin whistle, which was to notify the schoolmaster, who lives across the way, to come over and save my library. He is the only man in town I would trust with it.

After this I went downstairs, caught our dog by enticing him with a piece of meat, tied a tin pail to his tail, filled the pail with fire crackers and a live coal and started him off up the street to give the alarm to the loafers at the hotel and post-office. I had saved up all these fireworks from last 4th of July on purpose, and I intended to get the live coal from the burning embers of my house. I had to get one from the kitchen stove, though, after all, for the little lady had poured so much water on the fire that I could not find a live coal there to save me.

I will acknowledge that there was little



necessity for this last move, as the loafers had already arrived at the scene of our conflagration accompanied by the remainder of the town and a large portion of the county. Most of them were strolling through the house looking at the pictures and reading our last letters from home, but there were some left outside who cheered Towser and myself enthusiastiastically.

Then I rushed to save the children. I put the children before the little lady as there was a bare chance that she, being grown, could take care of herself. I may be criticised, indeed, for not saving the children before giving the alarm. To such critics I can only answer that a man can do but one thing at a time and logically the alarm ought to come first.

I was prevented from rescuing the children by our nurse girl who, like a fool, had already rescued them instead of guarding the jewelry and silver as I had instructed her. In fact, she had brought them back into the house and was giving them their seventeenth meal of the day.

I was so glad to see them alive and well

that I refrained from giving her the lecture she deserved, and went in to put out the fire. It was already out. In fact, the little lady had got the room cleaned up, had laughed at me with three or four of her female acquaintances until she was tired, and to change the subject was planning with them a progressive euchre party for that evening.

I signalled "fire out" with three toots of the youngster's whistle, and the crowd reluctantly dispersed. Three hours after I found the schoolmaster (we call him the "schoolma'am") lying on the lounge in my study finishing the "Prisoner of Zenda" which he had begun when he started in to save my books. I lectured him and he made fun of me. We don't speak now.

In fact the only person who seems to have a proper appreciation of my efforts to extinguish our conflagration is my three year old boy, God bless him. He says it is more fun than 4th of July and Christmas put together, and wants to know when we'll have another.

Tom Hall.

THE MAN THAT BUMPS THE DRUM

I would not be an angel with a harp
within my hand,
I want a better instrument what time I
join the band;
I would not from my violin give song
melodious flight,
Though I might wear exclusive hair and
be the girls' delight;
Nor yet for name or wealth or fame
would I pianos strum,
But oh! I want to be the man that
bumps the big bass drum.

With its "plango, plango, plum!"
As down the street they come
The clarionets full shrilly call
The trombones sing "pom, pum!"
The big bass horns guffaw in glee
The cornets make you numb,
But oh, the man, the happy man,
That bumps the big bass drum!

You hear him in the city street above the
traffic's roar,
His pulse doth beat full clear and sweet
like billows on the shore;
Though far away the band may play and
distance blot the sound
His music clear will reach your ear with
lilt, jocund, pound;
There is no shout will drown him out
though all the brass be dumb,
And oh! I want to be the man that
bumps the big bass drum.

With its "umptum, bumptum, bump!"
He makes the marchers hump,
He marks the time with steady chime
Nor lets the music slump;
I would not strike a golden harp
In angel choirs to come,
But oh! I want to be the man
That bumps the big bass drum.

Winthrop Packard.

THE BUD THAT BLOSSOMED

BY LOUISE CROCKETT HENDERSON

SKETCH

"YES, nigh onto twenty years have passed since that time, but it is one of the great dispensations of Providence in connection with the church."

This was the old and time-worn statement of Deacon Dayton of the Boyleston Iowa church, when questioned for personal reminiscences. As I was then a member of the choir in that church at the time, I am going to relate the facts, and not depend upon the varying data furnished by the deacon. As true as my name is Barcellus Sears, these are facts and we want the credit of our choir alumni sustained.

About three years prior to the event, Hal Talcrum and pretty Bessie Terry were married and had a big wedding at "the home of the bride" as the newspapers say. Terry was one of the wealthiest farmers in Iowa. He owned a large stock farm and had a mortgage on pretty nearly every other piece of land for miles around. It was said he obtained his start in raising hogs during the war—when pork was high—and he stayed at home and raised more pork and corn while his substitute did the fighting. Well, he was a good man in many ways and was especially fond of Bessie who was his only child. Of course she was heiress to considerable property and the village and country people were all surprised when it was announced that she was to be married to Hal Talcrum.

Hal was an easy-going good sort of a village boy. He has achieved special distinction in the village as fireman on a railway locomotive. As Bessie was a member of our choir I must set at rest the rumors that she was engaged to the young Waterford attorney. It is true he came with her oftentimes to "practice" but they were always "spatting," so I cannot conceive of an engage-

ment. Still, as my sister, who is my informant, was just then interested in another member of the choir who sang bass, her judgment may not be accurate, in its conclusions.

Anyhow, they were married in grand style. The neighbors came from miles around and the "ice cream" served was then a unique distinction of the wedding supper. The choir, of course, were given the post of honor, and we sung our special anthem, "How Beautiful Upon the Mountains," after the ceremony, when the neighbors' girls passed the ice cream. Bessie was really beautiful and that night she seemed more so than ever, and somehow I always feel there is something sacred in the wedding of a happy, light-hearted girl. She was a little queen in her ways.

Now when it was decided after the honeymoon and wedding trip that they were to settle down with the old folks and that Hal was to become a farmer and the heir of the Talcrum farms the wise-acres shook their heads. Hal was too fond of roving and city life to settle down to the prosy career of an Iowa farmer—no matter what prospects were in store.

It would not be just the thing for me, Barcellus Sears—a bach—well, an outsider, to comment on the domestic career of this young couple. Besides, it is a rule in our choir alumni chronicles to record nothing of private affairs. But the result was soon public. Hal and his wife quarreled and separated when their little girl Bessie was about two years old. The community was soon divided. Hal's parents said it was because the old folks Terry would not permit the young husband to take his wife from the parental roof. The Terry folks in a rejoinder claimed Hal was lazy, shiftless and altogether disagreeable and they would not stand by and see their daughter ill-

treated. There you have the case fairly put, and the result was that Hal went back to railroading. The affair very nearly caused the periodical "fuss in the choir." The girls all sided with Bessie and the boys with Hal—but bless us—they were only two males and seven females and the new minister Rev. Brattle—a very young man—unmarried—managed to smooth over the trouble. He was especially influential with the seven. By the way, Mr. Brattle was very popular with the church and especially the young ladies. His frequent quotations from Shakespeare and Cicero did not suit the older members of the congregation, but he won their forbearance at all events. Then he was up-to-date the girls said—and hadn't so much to preach on sanctification and against going to the theatre.

Well, the "rift within the lute" grew wider and wider and public sentiment in the village almost made it a political issue when Hal's father, Captain Talcrum, ran for township recorder.

"That old Terry could never wear a button like that," he said, pointing to his Grand Army button. "When I was fighting to save the country, he was making money out of our mess pork or my boy would not have been called a shiftless fellow."

The captain punctuated his vigorous remarks with language I cannot record as the choir historian, and which does him no credit as a church attendant.

The old man Talcrum stroked his grey beard in silence and kept right on selling hogs—but he got "his men" to work at election time and the captain was defeated. This did not help matters.

Then the feud began to grow furious, and as both attended our church, we used to study their looks towards each other as they sung the doxology. When the Terrys had a "mite society" the Talcrums were not there and vice versa. It is probably not necessary to enlighten any one who has lived in a village further on these affairs. The "divisions" always seem to grow somehow by a peculiar multiplication table and the old story of Romeo and Juliet.

One bright day in May about a year after, the village was shocked at the news of little Bessie Talcrum's death. It was a crushing blow to the young mother and the grandparents. Even then, Hal was

out on his engine and he was not notified by Terry. Old man Terry has not forgotten the taunts of the Talcrums. His friends pleaded with him, but he would not permit the father to come to his house. Then public opinion stepped in and as a compromise he consented to have the funeral held from the church. The tender-hearted people who had looked upon the sad affliction as a means of reconciliation were sadly disappointed, and so to keep up some appearance of humanity they arranged for the funeral. The hearts of all went out to the grief-stricken young mother.

Every one in the village wanted to assist in arranging for that funeral. The chancel was a perfect bower of lilies, roses and daisies. The church, in fact, seemed to have a gala day appearance. A special practice of the choir was called and Reverend Brattle was longer and more nervous than ever in the selection of hymns and the "Lord's Prayer" as a chant was decided upon in addition to a special anthem as something extra in the way of music.

The funeral was held in the afternoon and every one in the village seemed to be there. In fact, the village stores were closed, and the coterie of established funeral-goers in black were lost in the great throng. The dusty streets were filled with teams for a long distance down the road. Old Black Aunt Mandy came early and secured her regular pew and a number of the others of the regular attendants the same. Father and Mother Kobbleday gave up their front seats for the mourners. A curious fact was noted in the gathering which has occurred to a certain extent in regular services heretofore but never was so marked as now.

The friends of Captain Talcrum appeared to be all on the left hand of the church. Terry's on the right. The funeral cortège arrived and the little white casket was borne down the centre aisle. Six little girls in white followed as pall bearers. The heart-broken young mother hidden in black crepe was upon the arm of her father and her stifled sobs, brought many tears. The Terrys and all relatives occupied the front seats to the right and Hal and his parents and about twenty relatives arrived a few seconds later and took the vacant pews to the left. There was the breathless silence, the bright

sunshine, the singing birds, the bright fresh leaves of trees through the open windows—it made it not seem like a funeral. After the mourners were seated we sang little Bessie's favorite song softly: "I am so glad that Jesus loves Me."

It was hard for us to keep up but we did. It brought forth heart-breaking sobs among the mourners and all over the church, and there were many solemn faces. All had known the bright little one in her speeches at the Sunday school concerts.

The services were simple and Reverend Brattle's prayer full of sincere consolation. His Scripture reading seemed to have a new meaning to me, although I almost knew the words by heart. His sermon—well it was a masterpiece of simplicity. He talked rather than preached. I wish that sermon had been preserved in print. It stamped itself right into my heart. Even Death did not seem so horrible after all.

The open casket had been placed lengthwise instead of sidewise as was the usual custom in front of the pulpit.

The pastor's words to the grief-stricken parents were just as if nothing had ever happened between them. Hal sat sternly upright with tears glistening in his eyes and looked steadily and intently upon his dead child. Terry tried to console his sobbing daughter. The expecting congregation could discover no signs of the looked for reconciliation even after Reverend Brattle's eloquent and sincere remarks, which closed with a personal tribute to the little life.

"Her mission on earth is ended." The remains were then viewed by the congregation, who passed in front and returned to their seats, as was the custom, till the mourners took the last look.

The tension was strong. Every heart in the room was beating fast. Hal got up to take his last look. His towering form shook—and then the torrent of tears broke forth. There were no dry eyes when he fell on his knees.

"My poor little girl"—he repeated between his sobs—"My God, why is this so—"

There was a terrible strain of suspense to the congregation as the father stood there, alone in his grief.

He arose and tenderly kissed the pale little face which seemed to be sleeping so calmly with a little white blossom in her hand.

"Bye, Bye, Bessie Babe," he sung softly and kissed her again and started to go.

This was the climax. The young mother's heart conquered. Bessie arose quickly.

"Hal, Hal is this our sacrifice," she sobbed, rushing towards him, throwing back the heavy veil. Over the bier Hal kissed her. It was only a brief few seconds, and a gleam of soft sunshine just then burst through upon the sweet face of the dead child, as she seemed to smile her Heavenly benediction.

"Amen! Amen!" shouted old Black Aunt Mandy.

Reverend Brattle waved his hand as if again solemnizing a marriage.

"Let us all kneel in silent prayer." Nearly every one in the house responded and even many outside the church knelt down—a little prayer for Bessie. Then after the benediction he motioned to us and in broken voices we sang:—

"Blessed be the tie that binds
Our hearts in kindred love,"

to the old tune of Dennis. The congregation as if by intuition moved out as we sang, leaving the reunited parents alone with their dead.

Yes, the feud was ended. This is the event that Deacon Dayton calls a "dispensation." Nothing ever marred the reunion of husband and wife and their sacrifice on the funeral altar.

Although twenty years have passed, the life mission of "Bable Bessie" is recalled as one of the sacred reminiscences of the past in Boyleston. The sweet sunshine of her brief life, makes the world brighter and better, and united the broken arc of a family circle.





THE RAMBLER IN LITERATURE

"SOME BOOKS ARE TO BE TASTED, OTHERS TO BE SWALLOWED,
AND SOME FEW TO BE CHEWED AND DIGESTED."

FOR his new book, "The Christian," it is said that Hall Caine spent months in studying darkest London that he might color faithfully the setting of his romance. The labor has not been inconsequential. He has accomplished in a masterly manner what in his note to the book, he has avowed to be his purpose. "In presenting the thought which is the motive of 'The Christian,' my desire has been to depict, however imperfectly, the types of mind and character, of creed and culture, of social effort and religious purpose which I think I see in the life of England and America at the close of the nineteenth century."

"The Christian" stands as a new exhibit in the gallery of English social life pictures that has "Marcella" as the prize painting. It can scarcely be said, however, to have encroached upon Mrs. Humphrey Ward's chosen field. Instead of handling elections, poaching wrongs, working girls' clubs and sweating shops, Hall Caine concerns himself more especially with that life of London which centres about its music halls, its monastic orders, briefly of its hospitals, and extensively of its attitude towards fallen women or those about to fall. It is in such environment that the author places his two chief characters, John Storm and Glory Quayle. They are both Manx born and bred, who are called away from their island home to London, when one is on the threshold of his manhood and the other of her womanhood. The call of the former leads him into the ministry, the latter into hospital work. The main tide of life in both characters sweeps strong, but it is crossed by wayward and capricious currents that are ever in danger of taking sole possession of the channel themselves. The fight against the flesh is the *motif* of the book. We have two frail human beings whose minds and hearts on the whole make for goodness, but whose more worldly impulses are

leaders into temptation. John Storm after the discovery that the Church of England was not all that his ideals had lead him to believe it, enters a monastic order, takes the vows and straightway attempts to submerge self. The struggle though a long and desperate one is not successful; he is recalled to the outside world by his love for Glory. She in the mean time has left the hospital and has been in imminent danger of being engulfed in the lower stratas of London life. As it is he finds her a singer and a dancer in the music halls. Her own struggle against worldliness has not been inconsiderable. Father Storm as he is now termed attempts her rescue from such a life. His efforts lead him into vastly unfitting surroundings and he and his name became the mark for the lowest gibes of the lowest masses. In the end he is set upon by those whose lives he has tried to save, and is injured fatally. Glory, however, when the crisis comes has conquered her worldly self and the two lives that have been lived in temptation are united in marriage at John Storm's deathbed.

"The Christian" is something more than a book for the hour. It is a strong drama of two human lives that bud in frailty and blossom in strength. The elemental passions of our existence are depicted by a hand that has few equals in fiction. The book throbs with an unrest that is akin to the unrest in our lives. Its achievement as a faithful portrayal of human aspiration, love, temptation and tragedy make it what it is—a book for all time.



If we are to have a genuine American literature, is it not high time to shake off the trammels of tradition which have been forcing us to accept anything in the shape of a book that bears an English label as necessarily worthy of prime consideration? Especially, too, now that

a spirit of sheer commercialism has invaded the realm of letters and the literary impresario has arrived with all the old tricks of theatrical advertising and some fresh ones of his own invention to foist upon the reading public of America the works of third-rate English authors such as—but the ugly list is too long for citation.

The Standard Oil Trust, the Sugar Trust and all the others that have aroused popular hate are no worse in essence than the Literary Syndicate which has laid hands of infection already on so many publishing concerns in this country, has robbed excellent American authors of their just dues and, what is worse yet, as a distinguished American once pointed out, has lowered and is likely to lower still further the standard of taste in the minds of American readers.

There was a time, about seventy years ago, when a critic in the *Edinburgh Review* sneeringly asked: "Who reads an American book?" Since then, to be sure, not a few Americans—Poe, Hawthorne, Lowell, Emerson, Holmes, Longfellow and a dozen others—have refuted that sneer with works which have been deemed worthy of perusal abroad. Longfellow is said to be almost as popular now in England as Tennyson, though, candidly, to our mind he seems far inferior; and Poe, chiefly on account of his prose-tales, is a classic in France, Germany, Italy and Spain—one of the universally acknowledged Immortals. Hawthorne, Emerson, Holmes and even Walt Whitman have some following in England. Mark Twain and Bret Harte have also made some impression on the English popular mind, but hardly as much as did Artemus Ward. But the majority of American writers worthy of notice have little vogue there, indeed, infinitesimally little, in comparison with the vogue attained by far inferior English writers in this country through the practical business machinations of the Literary Syndicate.

In using this term syndicate, we are not referring to any particular corporation, bearing the name of syndicate, which does business with newspapers, but to the entire subtle entity of which these are but partial expressions, the general commercial demon, which inspires one firm in New York, for example, to

bring out twenty English books per annum to one American book, simply because they can be secured on better terms and because, the log-rolling system being now dominant, an immense amount of free advertising can be obtained to push the sale of these works through impresario methods. It is regretfully admitted that such tricks are being employed to excite popular interest in a few American writers, likewise, who happen to possess what politicians term "a pull" or who are on the inside of the "Trust;" but they are comparatively few, for the majority of good American writers have the dignity to shrink from this kind of thing and prefer to build up their reputations by their works rather than by having their publishers "work" the newspapers.

What shall be done to stem this rising tide? What should be done? If what these English writers were giving us were really literature albeit foisted on us by contemptible business methods, it would be difficult to raise a protest against it. But, barring the bulk of Kipling's work and Hardy's and a precious few, countable on the fingers, the mass of English writing to-day bears about as much resemblance to real literature as a prairie dog to a prairie sunset. Edmund Gosse, an English critic of considerable repute, himself admits this in a recent valuable article contributed to the *North American Review*. What should be done, then, is clear. Every American who loves literature should set his face against this thing, not passively, but actively. He should avoid those publishers and publications which cater to the English author and patronize those whose Americanism is clear. By so doing he will secure true literature for his family and will prove himself a practical patriot.

And literary critics on American newspapers—there are already many hopeful signs in this respect of an American Literary Revolution—can help to stem this tide by fearless denunciation of wretched foreign books and by holding up to ridicule the methods of the Trust. Some of the leading writers on belles-lettres in New York, Chicago, St. Louis and San Francisco have shown by their very frank language in regard to Du Maurier's "Martian" and Hall Caine's "Christian" that they have reached the point of rebellion. They cheerfully admit that Du

Maurier and Hall Caine have written interesting and forcible books, but they decline to accept them as "masters" and they laugh at the way Caine is posing and Du Maurier is being imposed on the public as a serious literary artist or successor to such really great men as Thackeray and Dickens. Such "declarations of independence" in representative papers of large circulation and influence like the *New York Press*, the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* and others must soon awaken the public and the publishers, too, perhaps, to a true sense of the situation. The National Magazine believes heartily in this movement for mental emancipation and will lend it all the aid in its power by living up to its name, National.



MUCH has been written upon the "Woman Question" from the standpoint of the suffragist—so much indeed that it has become necessary for those women opposed to suffrage to institute active counter movements. These movements reveal themselves in many ways, but chiefly in bringing to public notice the reasons upon which remonstrance is based. Whatever is the final outcome of the great question we feel sure that such books as "A Woman of the Republic," by Helen Kendrick Johnson,¹ will contribute to that temper of mind which is to be desired in such crises. It is one of the most candid, direct, clear and judicious of the treatises thus far contributed to the subject, by either of the parties interested. It is a calm and scholarly review of the principles laid down by the Suffragists in their History of Woman Suffrage, 1881-1885. By taking each article of this creed serially the author shows in what way such a creed, if put into active operation, would destroy much that makes for distinctive womanhood. The question is thus raised out of the narrow sphere of mere sentiment and glittering generalities, into that where both the wisdom of the heart and the logic of the head are needed for a fair and full consideration of it. We find no appeal to passion or to prejudice, nothing that can stir even the stoutest op-

ponent to detraction or abuse. It is written by one who is thorough master of the situation both on the historical and the practical sides, and it holds the attention of the reader from first to last. It deserves to be read by all who are interested in those forces—political and social—which are moving so powerfully in our modern life, and which determine the currents of history.

Those chapters which deal with the question on its practical side are the most numerous and at the same time most interesting. They contain the essence of the creed of the opponents of Suffrage, i.e., that the activities which suffrage would impose are inconsistent with the nature of woman; that "woman is not undeveloped man but divine;" that her characteristics should be "Mental breadth and childward care;" and that the sphere of her work should begin with the home and should comprise all those activities not inconsistent with its security and sanctity.

The author insists that equal rights bring equal responsibility, but that the nature of woman unfits her for many of the duties which universal suffrage would bring; especially those of justice and war. Possibly too much is made of these, and yet we are convinced that they are an integral part of the body of sound remonstrance.

On the historical side Mrs. Johnson shows that those nations which have advanced farthest in civilization have been those which have kept clearly in view the great fact that reverence for girlhood, wifehood, motherhood, would bring purity, nobility and strength.

With the claim of the Suffragists, that woman with the ballot had already achieved great things, she deals very summarily by showing that in every state where universal suffrage prevailed as much harm as good had been the result, and that the good could have been done by woman without the suffrage. Her review of the various philanthropic and charitable work in which woman is interested and for which she is specially fitted by her nature is strikingly complete; and her insistence that all of this work is in no wise due to suffrage and would not suffer in the least were that right abolished, is forceful and convincing.

¹ D. Appleton & Co., New York.

PUBLISHER'S

DEPARTMENT.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

THE Philosophy of Business—what an excellent title for a profoundly interesting book! The Americans are primarily a nation of business men. They deserve and are proud of, that reputation which the Spanish editors recently gave us in the form of a taunt, just as Napoleon sneered at the English as a mob of shop-keepers. We, to be sure, do something else besides keeping shop and do that something else, perhaps, even better than our Spanish critics and others, just because we keep our shops or transact our business according to the best methods we can adopt from others or devise for ourselves. But the story of business for the book of which we have just written the title would not be entirely an American story. All the world over, energy, brains, ay, genius even, utilized through former ages in war and conquest, are being absorbed more and more in the avid activities of trade. The mart is now the real field of Mars. The same talents for combination, massing of forces, rapid delivery of attack on given points which distinguish the successful general are to be found to-day in the great "captains of industry," the manufacturers and merchants whose names are household words and whose goods meet household wants. Judgment, once deemed the special characteristic of soldier, scholar, diplomat, statesman, is now admittedly a fundamental essential of the successful shopman. He must be an analytical student of human nature and human needs, a close observer of the changes of social development, a wary watcher of the tides in human affairs. Possibilities as well as facts demand his keenest consideration and he studies the business ways of his competitor to discover their strong points for his adoption and their weak points to enable him to make the assault, if it shall come to a survival of the fittest along the line of least resistance and swiftest victory.

THERE are always new problems pressing for solution in business life or old ones only half solved that have all the fascination and eke the provokingness of a puzzle, sometimes. The problem of getting business by mail is one that must have cost thousands of men tons and tons of "grey matter." Is an appeal for new business by letter of any consequence, if there be no previous personal acquaintance or some special consideration involved? Is the earnest expenditure of mental energy in evolving an artistic and brightly written circular invitation to come into business relations of any avail? These questions are not ours alone, for hundreds have come to believe that there is a tremendous waste of postage all over the country in a search for business by mail chiefly. The National has experimented and met with success in getting business by mail, but whether the letters themselves have done it or not, we are in the dark. Two things, however, stand out clearly amid our convictions. There is no class of men so prompt and so courteous in answering letters as the up-to-date American man of business. He clears the deck every day and the little word "thanks" put on receipted bills, or given for orders, is a bit of courtesy that counts. The second thing that seems a surety is that letter-writing in business has ceased to be a slap-dash performance and is developing into what may almost be styled an art. Trade has ramified so wonderfully that each branch, like a profession, now has its peculiar phraseology and clear, concise presentations of the case in each matter "taken up" must be, for effectiveness, as strongly argumentative and impressive as a lawyer's brief and at the same time as diplomatic as a state-paper, or the proposition is likely to be "turned down."



THE talented and facetious office boy of The National who opens letters, recently remarked, "It looks as if this was a lady's magazine." And he struck it right as far as our purposes are concerned. That is, if there is any publication in which the ladies are earnestly interested it is certain to succeed. The men cannot get away from the fact that one of the most powerful and potent influences in the success of any high-class enterprise, is the unqualified endorsement of the ladies—the mothers, the aunts, the cousins, the sisters and the sweethearts are a power.

ONE prominent lady writes us that The National and its new management recall William Dean Howell's "A Hazard of New Fortune" and the launching of *Every Other Week*. With humble apologies to the writer and Mr. Howells, we must confess not having read the story at the time, but it was straightway procured and devoured. Now that it has been read, we must blush to an acknowledgment of the generous compliment, but there are various decided differences. First, The National had already been launched, when the Boston young gentlemen and the Western breezer took hold, and furthermore we have defied the commercial canon in insisting that Boston is a more favorable place for a magazine publication than New York. The atmosphere here gives it a better tone, and we are especially grateful in acknowledging the handsome support given in our advertising pages by New York and New England advertisers. We cannot say so much for leading Boston advertisers. They perhaps fear that Boston patriotism may swerve them from their well settled conservatism and consequently make their home publications a final consideration. Never mind, gentlemen, we are patient and you are going to discover that you cannot afford to neglect meritorious Boston publications without injury to your-

selves,—besides think of what a world of good you could do by giving the Hub publications the support they deserve.



HERE were fourteen hundred and twenty-four personal letters received this month by the publishers of The National with the best assortment of advice ever showered upon ambitious young men, and such a genuine ring of encouragement. There is some difficulty in resisting the temptation to publish some of the letters. Suffice to say that President McKinley has sent on his dollar for a year's subscription, and that dollar bill went into effect simultaneously with the Dingley Bill. It is framed and hangs over the main entrance as an augur of good times and prosperity. Now we are in a position during the next month to take care of several hundred thou-

sand, of these same kind of bills. Send in your subscriptions at once and be sure and have The National on your list of magazines for 1898.



sand, of these same kind of bills. Send in your subscriptions at once and be sure and have The National on your list of magazines for 1898.



WHERE is there a young person in America who has not read and been inspired by "Reveries of a Bachelor"? It is truly an American classic and the name of "Ike Marvel" is closely associated in all the happy gatherings at the fireside. Small wonder then that The National should feel proud of an autograph letter from Mr. Donald G. Mitchell (Ike Marvel) in which he says "I find many quaint and interesting papers in The National and I wish you every success," and in the rich fulness of his goodness in response to our request writes, "I may be able to send you something." The Grand Old Man of American literature is the ideal of thousands of American youths, and we feel that his

words will be an inspiration for a higher and purer ideal of life among young people.



THE "Club Women and Their Work department," originated in *The National*, has met with a most generous and hearty response from club women in all parts of the country. Mrs. Henrotin's article in this number "Women in Finance" is one of the ablest discussions of the subject extant. Other timely subjects from prominent club women will appear in *The National* during the year.



THE frontispiece drawn for the October *National Magazine* by Louis F. Grant, is certain to attract considerable attention. "The End of Summer" is an appropriate title. Mr. Grant is one of the young artists in Boston who is winning high favor by his generally clever and painstaking work. One of the specific functions of *The National* is to bring out new talent—American talent. The artists and *literateurs* who hold the high and favored places must be recruited. The *National* feels honored in the warm and hearty support and interest which young American artists and authors are taking in giving us their best work.



THE handsome cover page of the October *National* is the work of another young artist, Mr. Victor A. Searles. The design is especially appropriate in its suggestive "Hall to the Harvest Moon!" The country has been blessed with a most abundant harvest, and the agricultural classes, the bone and sinew of the country, are justly entitled to the good future which an abundant harvest and good prices has showered upon them. There is also an especial timeliness in the article, "Harvesting the Crops" and the illustrations. This is just now the topic uppermost in the minds of the business world. And an array of facts such as are presented in the article do much toward inspiring the buoyant confidence that begets prosperous times.



ONE of my special missions in Philadelphia recently was a search in the old Athenaeum library for certain facts. How I revelled among the bound volumes of periodicals over a century old. The glass doors of the case had not been opened for years and even the big keys turned the rusty locks with difficulty. The old leather bindings were so brittle on the covers that they would drop off with a touch. I found that as early as 1831 the "Illinois Magazine" published at Vandallia, Ill., was a flourishing magazine proposition. The "Dollar Magazine" in 1840 shows that Munsey was not the first in the field. The volume contains some crude, though effective illustrations, one of them being the inauguration of William Henry Harrison. The faces of those on the platform look as if they were on a guillotine. Stories seemed to be popular and the more widely improbable the more widely popular. Yes I was looking through the magazine morgue, as it were, studiously making notes to avoid the pitfalls indicated by the "Lamp of Experience," as Patrick Henry, I think it was, remarked. The first volume of Harper's contains an advance selection from Ike Marvel's "Reveries of a Bachelor." The tendency in the earlier magazines was to discuss only severely classical subjects and the thick layer of dust upon the volumes is an appropriate mantle. My hands and face were as if I had been assisting in a campaign of spring house cleaning.



IN the November *National Magazine* the "National Question Class" will be inaugurated.

Each subscriber to *The National Magazine* is eligible to membership in the class upon application for a certificate. Fifteen questions will be given in this department each month and these are to be answered by members of the class. The answers are to be submitted in writing, and each month four prizes will be awarded for the four best sets.

THROUGH THE NEEDLE'S POINT.

By Cleveland Moffett.

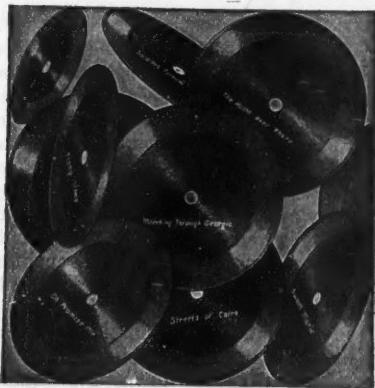
IT has long been considered a difficult thing for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, but the science of these latter days—the same science that has given the world the telegraph and the telephone—has made it possible for men, women, and children, for camels, yes, and entire menageries, not only to pass through the eye of a needle, but to pass through the point, and, having thus passed through, to sing and speak, to roar and bark and whinny—in short, to make whatever sounds they please, and be heard, after making them, thousands of miles away. To-day the great Patti can sing her immortal songs in her castle in Wales and be heard, through the needle's point, in San Francisco and Honolulu and a hundred other places at the same time. And so of the world's great orators and entertainers, the great thinkers who stir the heart, and the merry people who aid digestion. In fact, whatever the cities have in their theatres and churches and concert halls that is best worth hearing may be heard quite conveniently, and with only the slightest falling off in quality, by the denizens of the most remote village, by dwellers on the distant alkali plains, by lonely huntsmen in the woods—and all through the point of a needle—the needle of the gramophone, which traces the undulations of the sound-waves as they are preserved on indestructible records, and reproduces them through that wonderful little instrument.

Aladdin's trick seems to have literally been performed in our time, and New York, Boston, London, and Paris may be picked up now by whomsoever will, and whisked off through hundreds of miles and made to strike all their beautiful instruments, pianos, and violins, and blaring horns, and sing with full chorus of voices, and otherwise disport themselves for the amusement or instruction of the humblest provincial.

Whoever buys a Berliner gramophone

buys a box at the opera, rents a pew in a city church, secures permanent admission to the best music halls in the country, can order out a dashing military band at a moment's notice, can make the great piano-players of the day his obedient servants, and can do a great many other things which would have put somebody in danger of being roasted for witchcraft had they been attempted by our forefathers.

And let it be understood clearly that this is no expensive arrangement, to be easily injured, nor is it anything that requires batteries or electric contrivances for its running. It is as simple and compact as a music-box, and is wound up in



THE RECORDS.

much the same way, while the discs which preserve the sound-records are flat surfaces of gutta-percha, and are practically indestructible. They may be thrown about or scratched, or left with the children to play with, and when put back under the needle after months of this treatment, they will give out the original words or music with unchanged sweetness and distinctness. That is the first point, and another is that the singing of the gramophone really is singing, not squeaking, and the talking is real talking, as if the speaker were there before you. When you hear a street fakir through the gramophone you are almost in doubt whether the man is not actually in the



THE GRAUS MOUNTAIN CHOIR IN FULL COSTUME.

room. So perfect is the method of reproduction that the human voice comes out of the receiver, whether in speech or song, practically as it went in, and thousands of people may listen to it at one time, for there is no need here of bending anxiously over an ear-trumpet; you hear what is going on whether you will or not. A cornet solo played in the Metropolitan Opera House from the gramophone fills the whole auditorium.

And now let us see what this wonderful little instrument is going to do for people who live in the towns and smaller cities. In the first place, take the young ladies who, after four years at college, return to their little homes with many graces and accomplishments, particularly an appreciation of the best classical music. They find themselves suddenly in uncongenial surroundings, where most of the pianos are out of tune, and most of those who play on them play badly. The gramophone gives them a breadth of art life in the rendering of the great compositions they love by the finest performers. With this they have masters to imitate in their own parlors, sources of inspiration ever present.

Then take the boys. What one of them does not love to hear the banjo played, a lively strumming of the strings by a cunning hand? The gramophone

gives them what they want, and the best banjo-playing—gives it to them whenever they choose to listen. And if they tire of the banjo they can turn on a crashing brass band, with marches and songs of the regiment until their hearts beat with valor.

And the old folks themselves, with hearts ever fresh for the old emotions, will find themselves won over by the gramophone on many a winter's

evening, otherwise lonely, when they will gather about fires of crackling logs, in farmhouse and country home, and listen to the dear old songs, "Annie Laurie," and "Down on the Suwanee River," and "The Last Rose of Summer," and the old glees from years ago, sung to them, not by amateurs from the village choir, but by the greatest artists of the day—sung through the needle.

And then the comic songs—every one likes these now and then, but few who live away from the cities ever hear them sung in the best style; they must content themselves with the whistlings of the village lads, who pick the airs up as best they may a year or so late. But now the gramophone, with its discs kept closely up to date, gives the country the best that the city has—those much advertised entertainers from the music halls of London and Paris, whose enormous salaries are told of in the newspapers. All these the country may have now almost as soon as the city, and at nothing like the price: and it is plain that a great change will soon be wrought in the farmhouse Sunday—a dreary enough thing in the past. No more wheezy melodeons laboring away in cheerless parlors, no more feeble singing of hymns by untuned voices, but the finest anthems as sung in churches on Fifth avenue, and the beautiful solos of high-priced

specialists, and the chanting of surpliced choirs, and the harmonies of double quartettes, not to mention inspiring addresses by the greatest preachers of the day.

Not only in the home is the gramophone to find itself a cause of entertainment, but already small and large private gatherings are using this many-sided instrument as a public entertainer; and a programme which includes the best bands, the best story-tellers, the best performers on various instruments, the best vocal quartettes, can quickly be made up from the rapidly growing repertoire of this wonderful instrument. Here is a specimen programme which speaks for itself:

PROGRAMME.

FIRST PART.

1. CORNET SOLO - - - *The Commodore Polka.*
By the wonderful cornetist, W. PARIS CHAMBERS.
2. PATRIOTIC SONG - - - *When Johnny Comes
Marching Home.*
By GEORGE J. GASKIN.
3. RECITATION - - - *A Negro Funeral Sermon.*
By GEORGE GRAHAM.
4. BANJO SOLO - - - *Yankee Doodle and Variations.*
By the famous artist, VESS. L. OSSMAN.
5. ITALIAN SOLO - - - - *Di Quella Pira.*
(The grand song from "Il Trovatore.")
By the renowned Italian tenor, SIG. F. A. GIANNINI.
6. BAND SELECTION - - - *Romance of the Trombone*
7. MALE QUARTETTE - - - - *Hear Dem Bells.*
By the MOZART QUARTETTE.
8. SOPRANO SOLO - - - - *Die Nachtigall*
(The Nightingale).
Sung in German by FRAEULEIN VRONI VON EIDNER.
9. NEGRO SONG - - - *Turkey in the Straw.*
By the negro delineator, BILLY GOLDEN.

SECOND PART.

10. TROMBONE SOLO - - - - *The Palms.*
By ARTHUR WILLARD PRYOR, the trombone
soloist of Sousa's Band.
11. HUMOROUS RECITATION, *Fakir Selling Corn Cure.*



dozen or more of the records mentioned in the above programme, paying \$25.00 for the Gramophone and 50 cents each for the twelve additional records (fourteen records in all, two being free). The distinct understanding being that if the Gramophone does not give satisfaction it can be returned at once and the money refunded, less the express charges. They have also \$15.00 and \$10.00 styles.

Catalogue and further particulars may be had by addressing THE NATIONAL GRAMOPHONE CO., 874 Broadway, New York.

12. TYROLEAN DUET - - - *The Mountain Climber.*
By the GRAUS DUO of the famous Graus Mountain Choir.
13. CLARIONETTE SOLO, } *Intermezzo from Cavalier Rusticana.*
} By SIG. G. JARDELLA.
14. BANJO DUET - - - - *The Virginia Bells.*
By CULLEN and COLLINS, the popular banjoists of Washington, D. C.
15. COMIC SONG - - - - *The Band Played On.*
By the greatest of all singers of comic songs,
MR. DAN. W. QUINN.
16. ORCHESTRA SELECTION - - - *The Pomone Waltz.*
By the METROPOLITAN ORCHESTRA.
17. TENOR SOLO - - - - - *Ben Bolt.*
One of the old favorites, that appeals to every one, sung by MR. E. M. FAVOR.
18. BRASS QUARTETTE - - - - *Adesta Fidelia.*
MESSRS. PRYOR, LYONS, HIGGINS, and PRYOR,
of Sousa's Band.

It is plain that for pleasure, for instruction, and for general benefit the gramophone must soon become a real boon to millions of people whose lives are passed far from the amusements and advantages of our great cities. Its uses are numberless, as well as its possibilities for general entertainment. The girls of a family can in a few hours make up a programme of discs that will afford their friends far more pleasure than any ordinary party, and, if they want dancing, they may dance with light hearts and heels, for the gramophone gives you Sousa's Band or a Hungarian orchestra, for waltzes and two-steps, and that is better music surely than any local performer could offer. And if they wish to sing "Auld Lang Syne" before breaking up, the gramophone will lead the singing with a good grace, and play the guests out of the house with "Home, Sweet Home."

GRAMOPHONE.

The illustration is of the improved \$25.00 style, which is handsomely finished in oak with rich trimmings—runs by a perfectly governed clockwork motor.

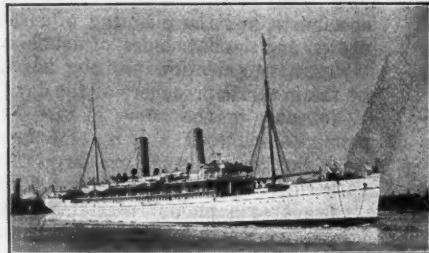
The National Gramophone Company, proprietors of the Gramophone, are so confident that this \$25.00 style will fulfil its claims, that it is willing to guarantee perfect satisfaction to any reader who will order the Gramophone and a

\$25.00 for the Gramophone and 50 cents each for the twelve additional records (fourteen records in all, two being free). The distinct understanding being that if the Gramophone does not give satisfaction it can be returned at once and the money refunded, less the express charges. They have also \$15.00 and \$10.00 styles.

Catalogue and further particulars may be had by addressing THE NATIONAL GRAMOPHONE CO., 874 Broadway, New York.

\$6.00

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